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SEVEN WERE HANGED

*An Authentic Account of the Student
Revolt in Munich University*

compiled by

WILLIAM BAYLES

with a Preface by

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

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PREFACE

THIS IMAGINATIVE DESCRIPTION of an episode in German resistance to Hitlerism, which in its main features has long been known, should help the public to realise the falsity of the view that "the whole German people" were responsible for and approved the régime. More famous than the revolt of the students of Munich University, here described, was the attempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944, the climax of a carefully laid plot in which men of the most diverse types participated—high officers in the Forces, aristocratic Junkers, municipal officials and others of various classes and political parties. There as at Munich the culprits and probably innocent people were killed on the spot or executed by slow strangulation. The reader may say: "But these are two groups of tens or hundreds out of a population of 65 millions." Then let him read Victor Gollancz's moving pamphlet, obtainable at any bookstall, *What Buchenwald really Means*. That gives the record of the concentration camps set up all over Germany when Hitler came to power for the reception, not of foreigners, nor mainly for Jews, but of all men and women suspected of opposition to the Nazis. In those camps innumerable victims perished by execution, torture, slow starvation or suicide, and that went on for twelve years before and during the war. Gollancz's estimate, based on the best available sources, is that the inmates of over nine of the best-known camps averaged 100,000 at a time and that the enormous death-rate meant a rapidly changing camp population. These were the victims whose daring or imprudence made them suspected. But how many more, knowing the awful penalties, may have concealed their opinions and carried on various degrees of active or passive resistance? No one can answer, but certainly Goebbels and Co. up to the last never ceased to fear and threaten the resisters. A significant figure, quoted by Heinrich Fraenkel from official Nazi records in his Fabian pamphlet, *Vansittart's Gift for Goebbels*, is that in a single year, the frontier police effected 120,286 confiscations of smuggled literature and that on 426 of these cases "fire-arms had to be used." How much more literature may have got across undetected and how much produced for internal distribution?

Some people say, "All very well, but were not the resistance movement in France and other countries on a larger scale and

infinitely more successful?" Perhaps, but consider the difference. The French, Norwegian, Danish, etc., resisters knew that the German occupying forces were a small, detested minority; that the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen were secretly with them; would help or at least not betray them. The German anti-Nazis had no such assurance. They had against them a huge, highly-efficient machine. Their own children were taught to spy on and denounce them. And at least after war began, dread of the consequences of defeat and the tradition, "My country, right or wrong," must have exercised an immense influence on a proud people threatened with generations of subjugation, humiliation and poverty. Vansittart's propaganda was indeed "a gift to Goebbels."

Lastly, reader, if you still condemn the Germans for what they did *not* do to overthrow Hitler, ask yourself what *you* would have done, were you a German. Suppose you had known (as unquestionably many Germans did not) the full extent of Nazi atrocities and loathed them as we do. But suppose you knew that the smallest detected hostile act, or even an imprudent speech, would probably lead to a concentration camp, to torture and death, perhaps to the ruin of all your family. Would you, like the Munich students, or the plotters against Hitler's life, or the nameless victims of the concentration camps, have risked all this? Or would you have said to yourself, "No, it would be suicide; it would do no good; the time is not yet; I'll wait for a better chance of success and meantime do what I can with least risk—acts of kindness to hidden Jews, quiet sabotage, etc.?" And after war began, would you have reflected, "After all, Germany is my country; can I help towards her defeat?" Whatever your answer to these searching questions, surely after reading this little book, you will not again say, "All the Germans supported Hitler; there is no good Hun but a dead Hun."

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE.

FOREWORD

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC but least familiar stories of the war is the revolt of the Munich University students in 1943, when a group of them staked—and lost—their lives in an attempt to overthrow the Nazi régime. Realizing the profound implications of the story, Dr. Goebbels ordered personally that all references to it except official releases should be banned from the press and radio. Consequently, the outside world knew that something serious had occurred, but concrete information was confined to two defiant little leaflets smuggled out of Germany and the lists of death and imprisonment notices published in the official Nazi organ, *Voelkischer Beobachter*.

Months later one of the participants in the revolt, a Bavarian student known as Karl Gluck, escaped from Germany and entered the Allied lines in Italy. The information he was able to provide is important because, in addition to filling in the gaps of the story, it sheds light on a hitherto blacked-out but significant section of German life—the universities. It also demonstrates the fallacy of the contention, endlessly repeated by Nazi leaders and generally accepted in Allied circles, that the youth of Germany, brought up under National Socialism, will never desert Hitler. The ringleaders in the Munich student revolt were former Hitler Youth leaders, and their defection can be interpreted in simple terms as a psychological reaction to the disillusionment attending the collapse of the super-man complex. In an introductory chapter, I have sketched a brief, generalized biography of the young German who led the revolt, with emphasis on the psychological milestones that marked his progression from pro-Hitler fanaticism through doubt and disillusionment to rebellion. His is a typical case study.

Names and situations have been disguised in a few instances to protect persons still living; otherwise the story is entirely authentic. In a supplementary chapter, Karl Gluck tells his own story.

WILLIAM BAYLES.

Inside Europe.
1945.

BORN TO RULE

THE YOUNG GERMAN'S DREAM came true in 1932. He was twelve years old and had received his first uniform. It was brown—brown breeches, a brown shirt, brown Sam Browne belt, wonderful brown boots with heavy soles and a heel plate that rang on the pavement; ycs, even a brown-handled dagger with a keen blade and the words "Blood and Honour" engraved on it. He was a Hitler Youth and Baldur von Schirach was his leader. And what a leader! Baldur von Schirach too dressed only in brown—high brown boots with beautiful silver spurs, light brown suede riding breeches, a brown leather jacket, and sometimes a long, wide-lappelled brown greatcoat with Sam Browne belt from which hung not only a dagger, but a pistol too. Schirach was always accompanied by a bodyguard of boys wearing steel helmets and armed with small rifles that actually shot. In 1932 the Young German had one main ambition. He wanted to join that bodyguard and wear a steel helmet and carry a real rifle that shot real bullets.

As a Hitler Youth, life for the Young German was *sehr lustig*. At night he and his comrades marched with flaming torches, fought pitched battles with other groups of boys, or broke into church basements and raided meetings of sissies who didn't have the manly courage to disobey their parents and come to the Hitler Youth meetings instead. Sometimes they fought Communists with bricks, and before the local elections they spent whole nights tearing down posters of the opposition. But more often they marched with their flags and drums to the open country and sat with their leader around a campfire, listening to him as he told them about a still greater leader in Berlin. The name of Adolf Hitler was less familiar to them than that of Baldur von Schirach or Quex, the hero of a thrilling boy's book, who fought Communists, broke the windows of Jewish shops, stayed away from school to paste Hitler posters on house fronts, and denounced his relatives when they proved themselves benighted diehards by making remarks against Adolf Hitler.

The Young German remembered vividly the first time he saw Adolf Hitler. It was a very special occasion and he had to report for duty at five o'clock in the morning. With hard-boiled eggs, buttered bread and an apple in his rucksack, he left home at

four o'clock and walked two miles to headquarters because no trams ran at that hour. At six he and his comrades were on the march and at seven they were at their "post." With a quarter-million other Hitler Youths, they were to line the long boulevard, to form two solid walls of youth through which their great leader would pass. By ten o'clock the Young German was tired of standing, and sleepy. By twelve his back and feet ached dreadfully and he was hungry, but his section leader said indifference to discomfort was a test of Spartanism, and he was determined to be a good Spartan. Now and then a youth would go white and fall down, but the Young German knew this was weakness and despised those who fainted. At one o'clock the mess order was given and egg shells, sandwich paper and apple cores soon littered the boulevard. At first the Young German felt better for having eaten, but the sun was hot and soon he felt sick. A very high leader driving through in his big car became angry when he saw the litter on the street and ordered it to be cleaned up. The Young German was glad because stooping relieved his cramped muscles. He wanted very much to go to the lavatory, but restrained himself because it was the Spartan thing to do. At three o'clock he was in agony and fighting back his tears. Then word passed along that Adolf Hitler was entering the boulevard. The Young German felt a thrill because now he would see his great leader face to face and hear his words of praise. Adolf Hitler had assumed in his mind the role of a fond, sympathetic father who would comfort him in his misery. Far in the distance he could hear the drums and trumpets, but did not dare turn his head because he was at attention. The drums entered his field of vision, then flags, and suddenly the great leader was before him—and past. No words of praise, no smile, not even a glance. All the Young German remembered afterwards was a cold, sallow, little man standing in a huge black car with his right arm rigidly extended and looking straight ahead. The Young German spent the next day in bed, and from time to time he turned his face down into his pillow and sobbed. He was bitterly disappointed.

There were also other occasions full of satisfying excitement and action—the unforgettable morning, for example, when the Young German was permitted to join with his leader, Baldur von Schirach, in storming a citadel of the enemy. It was in February, 1933, a few days after Adolf Hitler had become head of the Berlin Government. The citadel of the enemy was the local headquarters of the Youth Hostel Association, and the Young German had never noticed that it was particularly menacing. But Baldur von Schirach said it must be stormed, so fifty specially chosen

fighters crept silently around it like Indians surrounding a blockhouse. Then at a signal from Schirach, they rushed the building and burst into it with loud whoops. They found nothing except long corridors and office rooms, and the whole thing would have been most disappointing except for the girl stenographers, who screamed and ran. It made the Young German feel manly to realize that grown-up women ran from him. Several men workers who wanted to fight soon changed their minds when the leader hit one of them with a chair and knocked him out. They spent the rest of the morning having a great time tossing furniture around, emptying files on the floor, and generally wrecking the place. Then Baldur von Schirach announced that the enemy had been routed and that the place was theirs and would be used as their headquarters. The next morning's papers all praised their heroism. The Young German clipped and carefully preserved these stories, one of which began: "Baldur von Schirach and fifty of his sworn comrades met the enemy Tuesday morning and without bloodshed seized a fortress of the opposition." It was the first time the Young German had done anything important enough to be printed in the newspapers. The ease with which things—valuable things like buildings—could be acquired if one was only strong and courageous impressed him deeply: 1933 was truly a wonderful time to live.

There was some trouble at first with parents who tried to make their sons stay at home or punished them for staying out all night, but Baldur von Schirach soon put parents in their place. He warned them: "Anyone who lays hands on the brown shirt lays hands on the honour of the nation." After that no father could spank a son in uniform. And from his headquarters Schirach sent orders and messages, such as: "It is forbidden to play marbles in uniform." Important orders like that delivered by the postman made the Young German feel that he was definitely in the picture. At school, too, things became more interesting. More emphasis was laid on uniforms and equipment than on books, and defence sport became more essential than mathematics or history. One day in each week was devoted entirely to war games and political instruction. The Young German learned to shoot, conceal himself, read maps, make sketches, judge distances and prepare real bombs that exploded. He also learned ten ways to kill a Communist. Former soldiers often came to the schools and told hair-raising stories of how they had killed Frenchmen and other enemies of the Reich.

Summers were devoted to preparation for that great event—the trek to Nuremberg for the Party Congress. Young Germans

marched hundreds of miles to Nuremberg from all over Germany, often singing as they marched:

*"We've given up the Christian line,
For Christ was just a Jewish swine.
As for his mother, what a shame!
Cohen was her maiden name."*

Of course, they were wise to the religious racket. Fancy protecting the weak or turning the other cheek. Strong nations weren't built that way. On the great Youth Day they assembled, hundreds of thousands of them, on the Mars Field in Nuremberg while their leader, Baldur von Schirach, faced Adolf Hitler on the high platform, with the blood-red flags of all the local organizations behind him, and pledged the undying allegiance of all young Germans. The Young German could not control his emotions, so affected was he by the solemnity of this great occasion. But he noticed that his companions were also wiping tears away from their eyes. After the great rally on the Mars Field, there were long days and nights of unrestricted *Bummeln* in the beer-halls, market squares and back streets of Nuremberg, nights in the company of old fighters, with beer and rough, manly language, and interesting tales of women. The Young German knew that he was very lucky. Where else could such freedom be enjoyed at the age of thirteen?

As he reached sixteen, the Young German began to understand the reason for his life of glorious responsibility. Baldur von Schirach supplied the answer. He was a "super-man." Because he was a soldier of Adolf Hitler, he was superior, not only to all other boys, but also to his parents. As a German, he had a mission. It was to lead. He would spend his life following his own leaders, but he would lead others. It was the "leadership principle." He was born to lead and was given a troop of younger boys to command. It was all very noble and exalting. The inferior people of the earth would soon be jerked into line and would jump to obey when Germans gave commands. That was something to look forward to. And while waiting to lead other nations, he could practise on Communists and Jews at home. The Communists had largely disappeared, but a Jew could not hide himself. There were lots of Jews. They were convenient enemies. The Young German soon made the thrilling discovery that the laws he had to respect with regard to other Germans did not apply to Jews. They could be chased or beaten or robbed. Of course, it wasn't robbery, but merely the restoration to the German people of property to which the Jew had no right in any

case. There were vivid nights of pogrom when he joined in the thrilling game of hunting out Jews from their hiding places and turning them over to the S.S. What fun smashing down house doors and looking in the closets and under the beds for Jews. And the thrill of driving them through the streets with their hands up. They all looked so frightened. It gave the Young German a wonderful feeling of strength to realize that he could stir such fear in others. Sometimes, though, he felt an odd sensation, especially when old women cried or old men fell on their knees and begged to be left alone. On such occasions he had to remind himself of Baldur von Schirach's own slogan, "Conscience is a Jewish invention. Like circumcision, it mutilates man."

At seventeen he went into the Labour Service—grand outdoor work and evenings spent with leaders who understood the deeper significance of the German mission. From the age of twelve he had been trained in the Hitler Youth; family life had practically ceased to exist. But Labour Service was less confined and he began to think. What about all the millions of other boys in the world—the French and British and Americans? Were they willing to acknowledge the Germans as their leaders? When he asked this question, the political leaders at the camp laughed. "We have strong bodies and good weapons," they said. "Those are two arguments that will convince them." The Young German began to have doubts. The doctrine of superiority could only mean war, and by propagating this doctrine, the leaders could only indicate that they wanted war. The Young German remembered hearing one of the leaders say in an unguarded moment: "We are resigned to war. No one could be more resigned than we are." Those words puzzled and perplexed him.

His year in the Army, following his year in the Labour Service, was drill, drill, drill. The sergeants who drove him from early morning till late night seemed to have no interest in the things that had been all-important in the Hitler Youth and Labour Service. They even treated Jews the same way as Germans, drilling them in the same squads and assigning them to bunks in barracks beside men who had been Hitler Youth leaders before they became soldiers. The Young German could not forget one comment he overheard a sergeant make when the local Gauleiter visited the camp. "They make the wars," he said as the Gauleiter passed with his retinue of brown-uniformed officials, "and we are the idiots who get killed in them."

On completing his military training, the Young German was "directed" to the University. He would have preferred entering one of the new aircraft plants to train as a technician, but in

Germany one did as one was told. Until the last day of his life, he remembered what happened the day the University term opened. At the general assembly, which to his mind was solemn and awe-inspiring, a student younger than himself in a brown Hitler Youth leader's uniform rose and addressed the faculty. He told them not to lag behind when youth led the way, and he assured them that one young German inspired with the ideals of Adolf Hitler was wiser than the lot of them. For the first time in his life, the Young German felt acutely embarrassed. The values had somehow got badly mixed up. A few days later he was in the University library when a band of young Germans in brown uniforms marched in and proceeded to remove books from racks and to tear maps of Germany out of atlases. This, he learned, was because the maps and charts indicated the Versailles boundaries of Germany. He overheard an old man say to another old man: "It is a return to the Middle Ages. Soon sane men will again be compelled to retire to monasteries to find freedom." A few years earlier the Young German would have denounced the two old men; at twenty he felt strangely ashamed.

His education was disturbed by periodic military mobilizations—Austria, the Munich crisis, then Czechoslovakia. The exploitation abroad of the technique of leadership learned in the Hitler Youth began, but as he marched into Vienna and later into Prague the Young German found less enthusiasm in his own heart than he had anticipated. On the whole, however, he was happy because he saw that the people were glad to come under German leadership. And those who were not happy and who hid away in their cellars or pulled their window shutters would become happy when they realized that German leadership meant a share in world supremacy even for them. Conquest was not bad.

Back from Prague, the Young German spent an uneasy summer at the University. War was in the air and he suddenly felt that peace to complete his studies was very desirable. War, yes, but not just yet. Still he thrilled at the thought of real conquest; not the subduing of a few small neighbours, but of great earth masses, like Russia and America. Germany was throwing herself into a frenzy and the Young German felt it, and his pulse beat faster. In one of his speeches, Dr. Goebbels declared: "The German Government is resolved to institute German order throughout the world. The world will have to reckon with German business, German soldiers and German cannon." That was really coming into the open and telling the world in unmistakable language. In the lecture-halls war—German war—was also the theme that

professors strove to inject into their lectures. "The inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development, must be repeatedly emphasized," declared a professor in the history department. And in his zoological seminar Dr. Kindler said: "War is a biological necessity of first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with. It is not only a biological law, but a moral obligation." These were pleasing, reassuring ideas, and the Young German was not reluctant to alter his preferences. Was not one of the choice party slogans, "Common weal before individual interests"?

He marched into Poland with his company, singing lustily about the soldier's mythical sweetheart, Annamarie. What he saw in Poland justified in his mind the intervention of German troops. Such a downtrodden, backward country deserved German order. In France it was the same. A country without discipline or political control could not be left to become a cancer in the vitals of Europe. German leadership was essential. But the distress of the French peasants was just as real as the distress of German peasants would have been, and the tears on the faces of French women were as wet as German tears. The Young German remembered the old Jewish women cowering before him, but now he discovered that repeating the Schirach slogan, "Conscience is a Jewish invention," did not help. He was disturbed until he reached Paris, where the atmosphere was less strained. He hoped that the rest of his war experience would be gained in big cities, where wars were not taken so seriously and one understood the limits of good taste.

In Russia his moral awakening was consummated. At first it was like Poland and France—long, sweeping advances, the kind of unqualified success that breeds confidence, and the satisfaction that came from the certainty that here at last was victory that would pay rich rewards. It was easy to kill Russians. The appeal that terror brings to the eyes was lacking. The Bolshevik soldier with his inferior weapons, the peasant woman hiding her few turnips and potatoes, the girl sniper shot out of a tree, the boy guerrilla caught behind the lines—all possessed alike a cold look of hatred, almost of contempt. It was difficult to forget that look, and the Young German knew that the best way to erase it was to kill more and more Russians and to leave their expressions to rot with their corpses. In the other countries he had encountered mostly terror and sometimes indifference or craftiness; here it was ice-cold hatred that allowed of no compromise. It would die with the final Russian. Therefore the Young German and all the

other young Germans concentrated on killing Russians—men, women and children—all the Russians.

The second winter of war in Russia found the Young German before Stalingrad. It was hard, slogging trench warfare in a temperature that no German constitution could stand. The same enemy, frost, attacked both sides indiscriminately. German patrols found Russian sentries frozen stiff at their posts and Russian patrols found Germans in snow-covered heaps. Prisoners were no problem; the Germans let the captured Russians freeze and the Russians let the captured Germans freeze. A brotherhood of suffering actually bound Russians and Germans together. When they talked at all, the soldiers grumbled. Sabotage, an unpleasant French word, was used more frequently than any other. If supplies failed to arrive or dispatch bearers with operational orders were waylaid, it was sabotage. The officers said it was the Poles and Ukrainians who killed the transport crews and looted the supplies, but the men knew it was the transport commands and grafters sitting comfortably behind the front. What they wanted for themselves or could sell they stole from supply columns jammed on hundreds of highways; the rest was left to rot or fall into the hands of local inhabitants. The stories that swept the front convinced the soldiers that only one tenth of the supplies destined for the front actually reached it. The rest was stolen or diverted elsewhere for profit. When the Young German listened to these stories, endlessly repeated through the frigid Russian nights, he became panic-stricken, and when he recalled the months of weary foot-slogging and nights of suffering exhaustion in cramped boxcars and lorries that had brought him so many hundreds of miles into this savage land, he felt his vitals grow limp with terror. He would never retrace that long distance.

This was not the war they had told him about. Something had gone wrong. He remembered his student days and the complacent assurances of the professors, living their comfortable lives and believing first in their pensions and then in the German Army. What had they known of war who had praised it as the stimulating law of development . . . the regulative element in the life of mankind . . . the moral obligation? Stimulating to whom? Certainly not to the farm boy from Lower Saxony sitting with the glazed look of death already in his eyes as the surgeon prodded a scalpel inches deep into the stinking puss of his gangrenous foot, and then nodded to the staff sergeant, who crossed another name off his list of cases awaiting hospitalization. Regulative element? Not to the young baker from Augsburg who died standing upright in the snow without even dropping his

rifle—a perfect example of the iron military discipline Germans boast of. Moral obligation? Not to the millions condemned to live and die like beasts in order to appease its voracious appetite. The words of the drill sergeant came back to him: "They make the war and we are the idiots who get killed in them." How odd that he had automatically put himself among the war-makers, when in reality he was only one of the idiots.

Once the doubt was there, the illusion disintegrated. He was not a superman destined from birth for leadership; he was only a miserable, suffering German. When he was finally sent to the rear with frostbitten feet, he had given up all hope of surviving. His whole body throbbed with pain, but his chief emotion was bitterness against those who had sent him to Russia and left him there to suffer. Sometimes his bitterness turned to self-pity and he would sob into the collar of his greatcoat. On these occasions he recalled, far away in the past, a small boy with aching muscles and blistered feet sobbing into his pillow because his great leader had not recognized his suffering. At the base hospital he saw papers from home, the first in many months. They were familiar in the vague way that incidents from a dream are familiar when recollected. At home they were still saying and writing and believing the cold clichés about the German mission to rule and the superior advantages of race, and they were assuring one another that German victory was certain because it was inevitable. After a few days the Young German found it impossible to read the German papers and left them untouched. On the cover of an illustrated weekly he saw a photograph of the idol of his youth, Baldur von Schirach, now grown corpulent and doing his duty as a Gauleiter in Vienna. And one evening over the radio he heard Schirach's voice, but the tones which had once sounded commanding now sounded hysterical. "We want fearless, vigorous, commanding, cruel young men," Schirach was saying, "young men with the strength and beauty of young beasts of prey."

After weeks in hospital, the Young German was pronounced a "walking case" and was sent back to Germany to continue his studies at the University. But coming home was an ordeal more painful to face than life in a Stalingrad dugout. Instead of feeling exalted or relieved, he felt embarrassed. There was no joy in returning to people and places he had once known. Only with the greatest effort of will could he force himself to appear in the streets where people would see him and—much worse—speak to him. Something had happened inside him; his mind seemed to limp in the same uncertain manner as his feet. The doctor said it

was shock and would pass, but the Young German knew it would not. He knew that he was out of step, that a nation still pursuing its ideal of world leadership could not wait for a broken war invalid. A new generation of supermen in brown uniforms marched the streets, and everywhere he met an uncomfortable awareness that in leaving the front he had committed a crime vaguely akin to treason. His disability was an offence against some undefinable but omnipresent law of conduct. "We have no place in the Reich for cripples," a youth leader several years his junior snapped, regarding him coldly. "You are disturbing the general picture. *Heil Hitler!*" The Young German's bitterness coagled into hate.

SEVEN WERE HANGED

IN THE EARLY WINTER of 1942, Sergeant Adrian Probst came back home to Munich from Russia. He had been a Hitler Youth leader and a student at the Munich University. The English-speaking world was his chosen field and in 1939 he had planned to visit both England and the United States to familiarize himself with the habits and peculiarities of the peoples whose future he would one day help to direct. But war came and, instead of going to England and the United States, he marched into Poland with von Bock's army, then into France with von Rundstedt's army, and finally into Russia as a sergeant in von Paulus' army—the one lost at Stalingrad. Broad-shouldered and tall, and full of confidence and irrepressible enthusiasm, he was the type of Nordic that Germany placed foremost among her "human material." The evening before he left in 1941 to go to Russia, some of his student friends who were still in Munich held a beer party in his honour in one of the private rooms of the Hofbrauhaus. They chalked an Iron Cross on his uniform and addressed him as "Herr Major." That was when her wars were turning out well for Germany, and Nazi youths were earnestly hoping that not all the world would be conquered before they grew up.

When Adrian arrived back in Munich, friends he had known for many years passed him in the street without recognizing him, so greatly had he changed. His uniform was draped around him; he didn't half fill it, but he wore a real Iron Cross. His face was drawn like dried sheepskin, and when he laughed it didn't sound like a laugh. His feet were clumsy bundles in bandages covered

with shapeless canvas boots, and he hobbled along with the aid of two heavy sticks. But he didn't attract any particular attention, because Munich had so many mutilated and convalescent soldiers that meeting them in the street had long since ceased to excite even pity.

"The Russian kiss," Adrian would say to friends with a sardonic note in his voice as he tapped a bandaged foot with one of his sticks. He had been in a hospital near Dresden for months while doctors tried new cures for his frost-bitten feet, but hospital space was badly needed, and when he was able to move about with the aid of sticks, he was sent back to Munich to continue his studies. It was part of the Nazi rehabilitation scheme for disabled soldiers.

In Munich that winter the cold was so severe that it drove even the prostitutes to seek warmth in the cafés, where they sat together knitting socks for soldiers. And the few citizens who spent their evenings in the restaurants, because their dwellings were even less comfortable, huddled over tables in their overcoats and mufflers, drinking *Gluehwein* and talking in the customary guarded voices. Arrests were being made almost nightly in the beerhalls and cafés when men spoke their minds openly, and North German policemen entered public-houses at half-hour intervals, surveyed the silent customers at their tables, then barked in their clipped Prussian accent, "*Ist hier Alles ruhig?*"

Enemy "cascade" air raids, which occurred so frequently that when they had a respite of a few days the people grew half mad with anxiety, were turning whole sections of the city into brick-and-rubble heaps. The earlier raids lasting from midnight till dawn had been bad enough, but they were tolerable. The bombs fell individually and there was always the hope that each would be the last. But "cascade" raids were like a five-minute earthquake that demolished an entire district and allowed no escape. People listened to the high hum of the planes approaching in formation and waited in horror-stricken silence to see whether their particular blocks were to be rent apart and pulverized. Shelters offered no adequate protection, for in the soft sand and gravel upon which Munich is built the construction of a proper deep shelter was a complicated engineering task for which neither engineers nor materials were available. The inexpertly propped and drained shelters built by the people in forced labour became veritable death-traps when tons of bombs suddenly descended upon them, and after several hundred Munich citizens had been buried or drowned in them, the rest decided

that against the new horror from the skies no protection was more effective than prayer and resignation.

The war situation had indeed become serious, and this was reflected in a growing tightness wherever people congregated. In their uncertainty and misery, they drew together in true Bavarian fashion to complain, insult one another, and threaten neighbours with dire punishment, but in reality to find solace in one another's company. Old Adolf Wagner, the Gauleiter of Bavaria, whose only qualification for his job was his ability to imitate Adolf Hitler's voice, had finally drunk and debauched himself into complete collapse, and a new Gauleiter, Paul Giesler, had arrived from Berlin to take over. Giesler was young and aggressive, a slick, arrogant Prussian and friend of Heinrich Himmler, and he had introduced a more rigid control than Bavarians had ever known before. Dr. Goebbels had complained in Berlin that the Munich population had shown less steel of character in air raids than North Germans and Giesler was there to remedy the defect. His first act was to comb the city for more recruits for industry, and every week more shops and home industries received the familiar yellow postcard commanding them to close and their staffs to report at the labour exchanges for assignment to a war factory. Sufficient manpower had not been left even to shovel the snow off the streets, and the people shuffled and slid over drifts which at times reached shoulder height. Life was hard, food was scarce, and the wind blowing down from the Alps was more piercing than anyone could remember ever having felt before.

If returning disabled to Munich after three years of war was an uncomfortable, embarrassing experience, going back to school to seek again the broken threads of his studies was sheer agony, and Adrian found his will power scarcely equal to the task of dragging himself to and from the University. Being still in uniform, he was quartered in the Tuerkenstrasse Barracks, located about six blocks from the University, and sometimes he could not force himself to face the cold, the pain in his feet, and the sufferance of the younger students that going to school involved. On these mornings he would remain in bed in the cold garrison room listening to the recruits drilling in the barrack square and trying not to hear the complaints and hopeless, bitter conversation of the disabled soldiers in neighbouring beds. The entire dormitory room, with fifty beds, had been given over to "walking cases," though Adrian soon discovered that the Army interpretation of a "walking case" was generous indeed. Men with one leg, with no arms, without eyes, or with horrible face and body wounds were

deposited there and forgotten except for an occasional visit by an overtired, indifferent medical orderly whose interest seemed to be aroused only when he could record a death and order a body to be removed to make way for another case. A day of this atmosphere with its smells, suffering, and fatal depression was sufficient to send him back to the University, where in unheated lecture rooms disabled soldiers, young Nazi officials exempted from military service, a few civilian male students who were physically incapable of any military or labour service, and a considerable number of girls attended indifferent lectures by professors who kept on their overcoats and mufflers and sometimes even their hats or astrakhan caps.

Among the girls was Maria Scholl, small, dark and quick of tongue. She was in her last year of training to be a teacher, which partly accounted for the fact that she was allowed to continue her studies instead of being drafted for work in a factory, on a farm, or in the *Frauendienst* behind the front. Maria and Adrian had been sweethearts before the war when she was a student in the Munich Lyceum and Adrian was in his second year at the University. They had corresponded regularly and it was principally at Maria's insistence that he had returned to Munich instead of electing to go to one of the invalid homes in Silesia, where thousands of mutilated soldiers had gone into voluntary seclusion rather than face their relatives and friends as hopeless cripples. And it was Maria's optimism and unflagging determination that sustained them both.

Shortly before Christmas, Hans Scholl, Maria's brother, also returned to Munich. He had lost his left arm in Russia. Before the war he had been a Hitler Youth and student of medicine at the Munich University, and a close friend of Adrian Probst, who had often spent week-ends at the Scholl home in Ulm. Below medium height, dark and dynamic like his sister, Hans had fought in Poland, Norway, the Balkans and Russia. He and Adrian were both quartered in the Tuerkenstrasse Barracks, but they enjoyed more freedom than the soldiers undergoing training, and soon they were meeting nightly with Maria and another friend or two in the Osteria Bavaria in Schellingstrasse or one of the small cafés in Theresienstrasse.

Adrian, formerly so full of enthusiasm and eager for a joke, had grown quiet and unobservant. Even Maria was incapable of preventing his mind from wandering, and it always went back to Russia. "The quiet was more terrible than the cold," he would say. "Even our artillery could not break down the stillness. Everything lasted too long; each day was a week and the nights

were eternities. We were lost in time and space, and everyone felt it. Once we took Russian prisoners. There was no shelter for them in our dugouts and no transportation to the rear. So they had to remain in the open all night in thirty degrees below zero. They sang all through the night, and sometimes you couldn't tell their singing from the moan of the wind. The next morning six of them were dead, frozen stiff in the snow. The others sat in a tight circle with their backs to the wind and occasionally they still sang. We had no food for them, and until reinforcements came up, no one could be detailed to take them to the rear. The next night was colder and several more died. It was horrible and was affecting our own men. Some of the men were for shooting them before they demoralized our whole company. If only they had tried to escape. But they didn't. They sat, and sometimes they sang. On the third day I couldn't stand it any longer and voted with those in favour of shooting them. I heard the volleys. That afternoon four of our men walked off. They just left and didn't return. We Germans aren't made to stand such strains."

Hans was more the philosophical type. He would listen to Adrian's outbursts, then sum them up in general terms. "We are chasing smoke rings," he would say with crushing bitterness in his voice: "*Lebensraum* is just a pipe dream. We are fighting for images in a fire, and all that is actual is the suffering of all Europe. When it is over, Germany will have gained nothing at all. Rather, we shall have lost everything that makes life worth living." On such moments, Maria and the others at the table would look anxiously around to see if anyone was listening.

Since returning from Russia, both Hans and Adrian had encountered the same difficulty in adjusting themselves to a life which after three years at the front seemed unreal and even a little fantastic. The newspapers and radio insisted on the German right to rule and inevitability of victory, disregarding the brutal truths of war. Both Adrian and Hans knew that German supermen froze more easily and starved faster than the Russian subhumans, but they soon discovered that in Munich one dared not say so. Before they had been home a week, they sensed a feeling of segregation; they were no longer a part of the Third Reich for which both had so proudly gone to war. They resented expressions of sympathy from acquaintances, and official solicitude seemed both reluctant and condescending. But most of all, they resented the suggestion, never spoken but invariably implied, that they had failed in their mission and, as failures, were being merely tolerated while the hopes of the nation had shifted to the oncoming drafts of brown-shirted boys whose minds had never

been afflicted with doubts that to-morrow the world would be Germany's.

There came an evening when Adrian was more morose than usual. That morning he had visited a former Hitler Youth acquaintance, Helmut Seiler. Seiler was Studentenfuehrer at the University; and in order to carry out this important work, he had been exempted from military service. His office in Briennerstrasse was after the pattern of the Party offices throughout the Reich—massive and pretentious, with browns and reds predominating. The Studentenfuehrer received Adrian in the brown uniform of a Nazi official. His boots were highly polished and his complexion betrayed none of the privations that sallowed the face of practically everyone Adrian had met since returning. After the customary *Heil Hitler* and handshake, the Studentenfuehrer invited him to sit down and offered him a cigarette from a large amber box. "You can have your choice," he said expansively. "I think there are even some English cigarettes there—captured stocks." Adrian accepted a cigarette. The Studentenfuehrer talked about his work, idly as one well satisfied with himself. "Often I think," he said, "that life at the front has much to recommend it—no responsibility, no decisions, everything laid down in rules and regulations. Here it is a constant juggling of two extremes—the demands of those above"—with a gesture indicating the general direction of Berlin—"and the unwillingness of the South Germans, who are without either gratitude or loyalty."

Uninterested in the self-martyrdom and tribulations of the Nazi official, Adrian waited for the first silence, then announced the reason for his visit. "You are doubtless aware, Herr Studentenfuehrer," he said, "that several dozen ex-students are quartered at the Tuerkenstrasse Barracks waiting for artificial limbs or convalescing from frostbite or wounds. They would like to resume their studies, for which reason they were sent to Munich, but they are too weak or too crippled to walk the distance to the University. Could you not provide a means of transportation? Some of them will surely die or go insane unless they are given something to do to take their minds off themselves."

The Studentenfuehrer carefully fitted his finger tips together and studied his neatly manicured hands for several moments. "These men have my entire sympathy," he confided at last, "and you, of course, know our Fuehrer has said many times that those who suffer for our beloved Reich shall have every consideration. But at the moment we simply have no available

vehicles, and every drop of petrol is needed for more urgent transport. But I shall bear your request in mind, and I shall remember in my report to Berlin to mention your name. The Reichstudentenfuehrer will appreciate your concern for your comrades no less than I do." Seiler squeezed out his cigarette and indicated that the interview was over.

Adrian rose clumsily to his feet, his face white and his lips thin and bloodless. "May I suggest," he said in a steady tone, "that the Studentenfuehrer's car, which stands in front of this house from ten to four every day except Sunday and serves no more useful purpose than carrying the Studentenfuehrer and his friends to the best restaurants, might be used to bring disabled soldiers to and from the University?"

The Studentenfuehrer had sprung from his chair even before Adrian finished speaking. "I forbid you to make such a statement!" he shouted in a falsetto voice. "My authority may not be questioned! I have my instructions and they also cover the situation of you cripples. The fact is, we don't want you in the University or on the streets. We want you kept out of sight. Why they send you back here, I don't know. At times like these we have no place in the Reich for cripples. You are ruining the general picture. And now, *Heil Hitler!*"

As he told of his interview, Adrian trembled and his voice broke. "For this we have fought and died many times over," he said desperately, "for this ferment of the gutter that is now stifling us. Small wonder our victories have all turned against us."

It was Maria who finally spoke. "Our victories have turned against us," she said, "because they had no moral justification. We had no right to win them." She stopped, fearing perhaps that she had already said too much. One never knew, even among relatives and friends.

"Maria is right," Hans said. "We invade and destroy and kill. And then we say to the survivors, 'You are defeated; your war is over; we are your conquerors.' But they keep on fighting us. And the only way to stop them is to kill them all. And so, instead of being soldiers proud of our uniform, we become butchers."

"If that is true," Adrian said, "then our war must be all wrong. Our fight is not on any front, not against any people with whom we must one day again live in peace. It is against those who poisoned our nation and led us into war. It is against people here in Germany with whom I for one shall never again live in peace." His voice had risen with the final words until people at adjoining tables were listening. Several ostentatiously got up and either left the restaurant or moved farther away. They knew that

Heinrich Himmler regarded the failure to report a treasonable comment as no less a crime against the State than the uttering of it.

"It's your death warrant you're dictating, Adrian," Hans said quietly. "Are you afraid to die?"

Adrian looked from Hans to Maria. "That's the trouble with us Germans," he said harshly. "We are afraid to die except as sheep driven to slaughter." And then speaking mostly to himself, he added:

*"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."*

He stopped for a moment. No one else spoke. "Those words," he said, "were written by an Englishman. No German, at least in our generation, has had the character to face death for what he believed."

"I have," Hans said in the same quiet voice. He looked across the table at Adrian, then suddenly reached his hand towards him. There was a long silence during which the significance of the act came alive to each of them. Each realized in his own way that the frustration, disillusionment, resentment and bitterness born of a warped development and perverted ideals had suddenly reached a psychological climax. Submission was no longer possible; the alternatives were now limited to self-destruction or open revolt. By his gesture, Hans had indicated his choice. Adrian hesitated, then took his hand silently and their hands remained clasped across the wine-slopped table. Maria placed hers on theirs, and in the small pyramid of hands the pact was closed. It was, Adrian afterwards recalled, as though a superior force had taken control of their minds. They found themselves suddenly dedicated to a mission of tremendous proportions, to a crusade that since civilization began has steadily engulfed men and nations, either exulting or destroying them. It is in the nature of man to build within himself a bastion against oppression. In its outward manifestation this may take the form of a demand for "inalienable rights," or he may justify his crusade by invoking "natural law." Or, provoked in the extreme, he may strike out blindly against his oppressors, unaware that by his action he has joined the vast legions who in every age have fought for the right to live and breathe as free men.

They had no plans, and further discussion produced none. Revolt, they discovered, is more easily dreamt than planned. "It

is best we do nothing for a week," Hans said as the serving-girl finished polishing her glasses and began piling chairs on tables in preparation for closing. "But let each think about it and also of others who might join with us." They agreed that whatever the nature of their efforts, the best field for them was the University, for it has always been the European universities that have provided leadership in times of crisis. They broke up, Hans going towards Ludwigstrasse, while Maria accompanied Adrian down Tuerkenstrasse to the barracks. They walked through the blacked-out street with only the moon reflecting on the snow and no sound except the slight crunch of the snow underfoot.

At the barracks gate under the pale glow of the entrance lamp they stopped, and Maria crept inside Adrian's military greatcoat. For the space of several minutes they stood without speaking, their figures merged into one. The sentry moved out of his box to watch them, then, his curiosity disappointed, stepped back again out of the cold wind rushing through the half open gate. "I'm happy to-night," Maria said, "I'm glad for what we did. Whatever happens now, we shall be together forever."

He watched her go, a small figure advancing courageously into the vast blackness, then turned to show his identity card to the sentry. He felt strangely elated; his crippled existence had suddenly gained a meaning and purpose.

In the University the situation was tense and uncertain. Student leaders and lesser leaders had begun to appear in an increasing number. In their brown uniforms and boots, they dominated the lecture halls and corridors. Professors who showed too little enthusiasm for the swastika or dared to venture into forbidden historical or philosophical territory were checked on the spot or reported on. Soldiers who had seen active fighting and were back on invalid leave to continue their studies were ordered about like schoolboys by these student leaders, who had never seen the front, and whose only ambition was to become Party bosses and Gauleiters. Clashes occasionally occurred, but against the rule of the student leaders, augmented by the considerable number of S.S. men who had suddenly exhibited an unusual interest in higher education, the students were powerless. Upon the mere suggestion of a student leader, a student of either sex could be called up for factory or farm work, and in this way an autocratic control was exercised over the whole student body.

On frequent occasions the students were called together in the large Lichthof, or central court, of the University to hear a political harangue by a student leader or a visiting Party boss.

The theme was usually the same: "The strength of the Reich lies in the united support of the youth. This is the secret of the success of National Socialism. The youth of Germany to-day is solidly behind the Third Reich, united in discipline and voluntary obedience." The students had no alternative but to attend, because the exits of the University were closed by S.S. troops, lectures were discontinued, and student leaders or S.S. men searched the building to make sure that no student remained behind in a classroom or seminar.

What proportion of the students participated willingly in these demonstrations could never have been ascertained by a ballot. It was probably high—between 75 and 90 per cent. Every physically able student at the University had grown up in the different Nazi organizations and, according to every Nazi precept, could be absolutely relied upon to follow Adolf Hitler to the end. But the ruling clique in Berlin had made the same uncomfortable discovery that had disturbed the ruling clique in Moscow and later in Rome: that a university education, however strictly controlled, teaches the student to think. And especially since the war German students had given increasing indications that they were beginning to think, not only vocationally, but also politically.

The faculty was also divided into two groups in perhaps the same general proportions as the students. There were those professors who sought to impart knowledge to their students and to give them enlightened guidance, and those who began and ended their lectures with "*Heil Hitler!*" and sought every opportunity to turn a lecture into a political harangue. Professor Bäumler, who lectured on English literature, was one of the latter. Because of his interest in the works of the great English writers, Adrian attended Professor Bäumler's lectures, despite their usual nationalistic character. For English literature was used by Professor Bäumler as a ready-made excuse for attacking the enemy. "The English," he declared a few mornings after the café pact had been sworn, "have all the small characteristics of an inferior people. German is banned on the B.B.C., and in London the works of our great German writers like Goethe and Schiller are burned and desecrated. I have just returned from the front, where I lectured to German troops on Shakespeare. There you have the difference between the English and the Germans."

Adrian found the comparison nonsensical and would have thought no more about it, had not a young man in military uniform risen from his place and asked permission to comment. His name was Wilhelm Graf, and all that Adrian knew of him

was that several years before the war he had got into some slight trouble with the Nazis, but this had been straightened out by a relative who held a high post in the Party. The surprised buzzing in the lecture room stopped when Graf began to speak. "We naturally don't know," he said, "whether German is banned on the B.B.C. because we dare not listen. But let us be fair-minded. That we Germans listen to Shakespeare in wartime does not, in my opinion, prove us superior to the English. It merely proves Shakespeare superior to Goethe and Schiller." Graf would have continued, but there was a sudden commotion and he was slugged from behind by a burly student named Alexander Hohmeyer, who wore a Party pin on his lapel. Graf slumped down between the seats, and Hohmeyer, aided by another student, dragged him by the shoulders to the door and pitched him into the corridor. Some of the students murmured their approval and there were two or three isolated shouts of "Bravo!" But the majority watched silently. Professor Bäumlér stood and waited with his hands in his overcoat pockets. He had spent two semesters at a large American university just before the war as an exchange professor, and on his return to Munich had declared that American students lacked academic mental discipline. Adrian sat as though paralysed. He had participated as a Hitler Youth in the hounding of Communists and Jews and had revelled in a feeling of organized power when marching in parades and demonstrations. The war had brought a change. At first it had also been marching and triumphant demonstrations in foreign cities with the native inhabitants in the role formerly played in Germany by Communists and Jews. But later he had found himself hounded and driven from refuge to refuge by callous military power that took no heed of suffering or personal rights. In common with so many other young Germans, he had learned in the hard way that the exultation of applied power is balanced by the suffering of the victims; the sweat of the victor can also be measured in the tears of the vanquished. Nothing in his moral awakening remained in his memory as long as the classroom incident. A student in the uniform of the German Army who had fought at the front and suffered for his country had been humiliated and assaulted in a university lecture room for making a literary comparison.

The atmosphere in the room was suddenly oppressive and Adrian felt his nerves tightening. He reached for his sticks and started towards the door, stumbling more than usual because he was trembling with rage. Wilhelm Graf was standing in the corridor leaning against the wall. Adrian had never been friendly

with him because their paths had never crossed, but he suddenly felt a desire to question him, to discover whether Graf's thoughts were in harmony with his own.

"Why," he asked, "did you challenge his remarks?"

"I had no intention of challenging them," Graf replied. "I merely thought there were two sides to the question and that in the interest of intellectual advancement the other one should be mentioned. And I have also visited England and I know the people over there are not ridiculous."

"But you took a grave risk," Adrian said, intent on probing Graf's mind.

"Yes," Graf replied, "I know. But if our country is to keep awake spiritually, someone must speak up, and where if not in the universities? And if the teachers are silent or misguiding, then it must be the students."

Of all the teachers at Munich University, Professor Huber was among the most popular. He taught history, but in his seminars the students learned something more than history. He opened to them the great world of the international mind, of Plato and Aristotle, Voltaire and Spinoza, John Milton and Edmund Burke, and of modern writers throughout the world. His motto was: "Sample everything, and retain what is best." He was, needless to say, unpopular with the Nazis, and his activities were considerably restricted. But he maintained his academic reputation and his kindly, fatherly interest in the young students who sought his advice. Hans, Maria and Adrian all knew him and were among the many who attended his open-house afternoons once a week.

On the following Friday they were among the dozen students who gathered in his comfortable home in Schwabing, and as usual the conversation was generally cheerful and far removed from the anxiety of the moment. They had decided to ask Professor Huber for advice and perhaps for his co-operation. Of one thing they were certain: Professor Huber would never betray a confidence. They waited for the others to depart, listening to, more than participating in, the conversation. A student was saying: "Dr. Goebbels insists it's nothing but illusion. Every people craves something, and by finding out what it is and supplying it, the political leaders gain the support of the people. In America it was the illusion of liberty. The people who went to America were seeking liberty, and by making them think they had found it, their leaders were able to mould them into a nation. But it is only an illusion. Actually they have no

more liberty over there than we have here. They just think they do, but, according to Dr. Goebbels, that is sufficient."

Professor Huber listened with the merest smile creasing his cheeks. When the student had finished, he asked, "Have you ever looked into the eyes of an American? What you saw shining there was 250 years of liberty. Illusions don't make the eyes of a whole nation shine."

"Tell us, Herr Professor," Maria said when the others had departed and they were alone, "how we can bring the light of liberty to German eyes."

Professor Huber looked at her quizzically for a few seconds, then said: "By wanting it as much as the Americans did—wanting it to the exclusion of comfort, security, wealth, power, and all the things that usually get in the way and attract most people more. By wanting it so much that nothing else matters. . . . And by fighting for it."

"You are right, Herr Professor," Hans said. "Without the liberty to be and think and believe what you know is right, nothing else matters." He stopped and for the space of several seconds only the ticking of the clock broke the silence. "We want to fight for German liberty," he said. "Without it nothing else matters."

Professor Huber puffed his pipe. "You wouldn't have much liberty behind prison walls," he said.

His words reminded Adrian of a poem he had read in a Stalingrad dugout in the small leather-bound volume of English poetry he had carried with him, and he began to quote:

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage . . ."*

Professor Huber took up the line and finished quietly:

*"Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."*

Adrian could not conceal his amazement. "You know that, Herr Professor?" he asked. Professor Huber laughed.

"When I was about your age," he said, "and we were sitting in our trenches around Verdun, I used to seek escape in the English poets. No one has ever equalled them in writing the language of freedom."

"Why," Maria asked, "haven't our own poets written of these things?"

"They have," Professor Huber replied, "but their freedom is still in the realm of the mind. Hoelderlin, for example, was a

dreamer of freedom, but, like so many Germans, he didn't understand that a dream is only a beginning."

They caught the Saturday morning train to Ulm because they had decided to spend the week-end with Maria's and Hans' parents. It was necessary to break away from the atmosphere of desperation in Munich and to think clearly. Plotting against the most ruthless of all governments required forethought and planning.

The provincial town of Ulm was ideal. It seemed utterly remote from the war, and as they walked up Vier Linden Gasse to the old baroque house of the Scholls, it was like entering a world of long ago. Adrian recalled every uneven flagstone of the narrow pavement, the pock-marked stucco wall perennially in need of a new coat of yellow paint, and the lime trees evenly regimented in size and spacing. More than any other spot in Germany, he regarded this old street and the squat baroque house at the end of it as home. His own parents had died after the last war, and, except for an uncle who had casually supervised his upbringing, he had no family. From the afternoon he had been led into the Scholl household, a shy lad of twenty brought home by a blushing young girl of seventeen to meet her family, the Scholls had made a place for him in their family plans and their affections, and as years passed he discovered that in his own thoughts the Familie Scholl was considered in practically every decision he made.

It gave him a deep kind of searing wrench when Hans suddenly remarked, "Lo, the conquering heroes return." He had not faced the realization before that this was the first visit to the old baroque house since their return from Russia. His clumsy, bandaged feet and Hans' empty sleeve suddenly became painful reminders, and he wished that Frau Scholl did not have to see them. The door was locked, and as they waited for Anna, the old servant, to open it, he noticed that the doorstep was worn with scrubbing and the brass doorbell was carefully polished, though not half so brightly as the large brass plate on which stood engraved in quaint Gothic letters the words: "Geheimrat Johannes Scholl."

Geheimrat Scholl was a dignified man with grey hair and a short black beard. He was proud of his thirty years of public service, and was known as the first citizen of Ulm. Men raised their hats to him in the street, and his opinions were respected. He had never committed himself for or against National Socialism, though his name had been used on political proclamations without his permission. He had never protested against this, except

to his friends, and it was generally assumed that he was behind the Government. With his children he was remote in the usual German fashion. They never discussed his personal problems with him, and certainly not politics. On the week-ends they spent at home they were expected to fall dutifully back into the obedient role of German children. Herr Geheimrat presided at the head of the table and led the evening coffee discussion, at which occasionally one or two of his cronies appeared. Hans and Maria were expected to speak when spoken to, and if they attempted to discuss present-day problems or mentioned politics, he usually dismissed the topic by remarking, "My house is closed to politics," or "We have to obey, not question." Once when Maria insisted on continuing her remarks on the status of women under National Socialism, her father became very angry and in great agitation shouted, "I forbid you to speak such things under my roof! I forbid myself to listen!" And he rose from the table, grabbed his hat and stick, and left the house.

Frau Scholl sat quietly, as German housewives of her generation were accustomed to, and to the raucous "*Heil Hitler's!*" of some of her husband's acquaintances she responded with the slightest flick of her hand and a kind of gulp and smile, as though the words simply wouldn't come out. In fact, throughout Southern Germany many people were saying "*Gruss Gott,*" or, if they were under observation in a café or crowded place, they flicked a hand from the wrist and gave a kind of clucking noise, "*T'la,*" which was "*Heil Hitler!*" reduced to the irreducible minimum.

The homecoming was happy and less embarrassed than Adrian had anticipated. Old people, he thought, have learned through deep experience to hide the pain that grows in their hearts when they see the blasting of their dreams. There was no pity in Frau Scholl's voice or eyes as she greeted each of them with a kiss and embrace, but only sincere tenderness. She looked older, though, and the skin had loosened around her eyes and mouth. The Herr Geheimrat held to the dignity which was as much a part of him as his wing collar, shaking hands gravely and welcoming his family back home with a kind of forgotten courtliness.

Though confined to soup, a sausage dish, and an unsweetened pudding, the evening meal was light-hearted, and while the conversation edged around, it never quite touched upon war and the future. It was as though everyone was conscientiously striving to keep it away from the hard realities of the present. Only once did Herr Scholl approach the unhappy topic of existence in the

chaos created by Hitler. "The present times must teach us," he said, "that faith in ourselves and family loyalty are the only values which are constant. We can build again as long as we keep our self-respect and our home traditions. They give us the only standard we can trust for measuring men and situations." Herr Scholl talked on and on, as though attempting by patient logic to convince himself that there was something firm and good left in Germany, that all was not corruption and chaos. Adrian experienced for the first time since returning from Russia an upsurge of hope, but hope that immediately sank to regret and anger. He looked at Maria across the table. Her eyes were fixed on her plate, and her hands, resting against the edge of the table in the manner essential to good German table etiquette, were tightly clinched.

The next day, being Sunday, was by tradition devoted to *Faulenzen*—organized German leisure. After an early lunch, Herr Scholl retired to his room for a nap, and as the day was clear, Maria, Hans and Adrian went walking in the upland above the town. Most of the townspeople were also having their customary Sunday stroll, and as neighbour met neighbour there were voluble greetings attended by the lifting of hats and vigorous handshaking. Something in the characteristic and colourful scene reminded Adrian of Faust's stroll above the city in the first act of the play. He even recalled with a certain ironic appropriateness the words of the old burgher:

*"Nichts Bessers wisst ich mir an Sonn- und Feiertagen
Als ein Gespræch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei,
Wenn hinten, weit in der Tuerkei,
Die Voelker auf einander schlagen.
Man steht am Fenster, trinkt sein Glaeschen aus
Und sieht den Fluss hinab die bunten Schiffe gleiten:
Dann kehrt man abends froh nach Haus,
Und segnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten."*¹

They were frequently recognized and townspeople stopped with friendly greetings. Adrian observed that no single person remarked on his or Hans' disability. Injuries and the loss of limbs

¹ "I know no better pastime for Sundays and holidays
Than to talk about war and its tumult;
If, far away in Turkey,
People are killing one another,
While we sit by the window with a glass of wine,
And watch the colorful ships glide down the river,
Then return home by twilight
And in our contentment bless peace and tranquility."

were simply not mentioned. Nor did he or his companion comment on the pale, undernourished faces and tired expressions of old friends. But he could not escape the conviction that here at home, more even than at the front, war showed its true countenance. Its bestial horrors were reflected in the suffering faces of persons who had never smelled the stench of battle. Not the generals hoping to become field-m Marshals, or the lieutenants wanting to become captains, or the soldiers experiencing freedom from civilian routine and the exhilaration of an open, primitive life, or the politicians seeking power, but the drab, suffering citizenry of a dozen countries provided the true sufferers in war.

It came as a welcome interruption to the increasingly morbid trend of his thoughts when Hans began to talk of plans. "If we could only stir the students of Munich University to revolt," he said, "the other universities would follow—Heidelberg, Goettingen, Freiburg, even Berlin. Once we had a going organization that had asserted itself, we could appeal to the workers and soldiers to join us."

As in their earlier discussions, they did not consider the question of loyalty to their country and its established Government. That they were in the act of committing treason had not entered any of their minds. Nor did they associate their aims with those of the mighty forces striking at the German military organization from practically every side. Their thinking, as Adrian expressed it, was simple. "Hitler led us into this war," he said, "and now he can't either win it or get us out of it. Therefore it is time we got rid of him and cleared the way for someone else able to make peace. We are only fighting now to save the Party, and our cities and best people are being lost without any returns whatever. In the end we shall have nothing left except Adolf Hitler and his band, and then in our fury we shall shoot them. So let's get rid of them now and save Germany."

Before they could even think of beginning to overthrow the Nazi power in the universities, they had to devise some way of ascertaining which students would back the movement. The returned soldiers yes, almost to a man, but which others? It was Maria who finally suggested a method so simple that even the Gestapo might find it difficult to detect. "It won't be hard to find out which students are anti-Hitler," she said. "We only need to watch which ones use *Intellectuellengasse* [Intellectuals' Alley]. Certainly no Nazi would risk his reputation in the Party by entering it."

The shrewdness of the idea gradually appealed to each of them. "That's it," Hans said excitedly. "And we could pass out

leaflets to students we met and recognized in the Gasse, telling them about our plans and asking them to help. Wonderful!"

Intellectuellengasse had for years enjoyed a reputation in Munich out of all proportion to its importance as an artery of traffic. The Nazis regarded it with a certain chagrin because it represented an impertinent little loophole in their otherwise tight system of enforcing obedience. The anti-Nazis revelled in its existence because it provided a last slight opportunity for demonstrating their disapproval of Nazism. It is a small pedestrian alley about one hundred feet long which runs from Wiener to Theatiner Strasse just before they join in a narrow V at Odeon Platz. It had no significance until the Nazis erected a Putsch memorial in Wienerstrasse between its entrance and the square, and ordered that no one should pass it without raising his hand in salute. There and then the small alley became important because it enabled pedestrians with reservations about saluting a Nazi memorial to execute a detour around it. They simply turned into the alley, walked its length to Theatinerstrasse and proceeded into Odeon Platz. Within a few weeks the alley was carrying a noticeable part of the Wienerstrasse pedestrian traffic. The Nazi Press raged against it and contemptuously christened it "Intellectuellengasse." But because several shops opened into it, it could not be closed, and in time it became generally recognized as the final means of demonstrating against the Nazis.

"Maria is right," Adrian agreed after they had discussed it. "We shall announce our plan in a leaflet and pass it out in Intellectuellengasse. We wouldn't even have to confine our public to students, because practically anyone using the Gasse would be safe."

Reproducing the leaflet to be passed out became an immediate problem which Hans solved when he recalled the simple offset duplicating machine he had acquired when he was a Hitler Youth leader and needed to circulate announcements and reports among the boys of his group. The duplicating machine was located in the storage attic where Hans had put it years before. It was still in working condition and, dismantled, could easily be packed into a suitcase. They caught the evening train back to Munich, keen to begin work on their momentous project of defeating the Nazis from the inside of Germany.

A questionnaire would be useless in view of the impossibility of obtaining answers; therefore they decided to make their first leaflet a forthright statement of their aims. More enthusiasm than deliberation went into its composition, but by the following evening the text pleased each of them, and they ran off several

hundred leaflets in Maria's small room in a Briennerstrasse pension. Fortunately, the duplicating machine was not mechanical enough to be noisy, and a blanket over the door was almost an unnecessary precaution. A short distance along the street on the opposite side stood the Braun Haus, headquarters of the Nazi Party. "It's almost like when the fugitive joins the police in order to hide from them," Hans remarked as he looked at the ugly yellow building from the window.

The leaflet impressed them as it came off the machine, damp and smelling of ink. The ease with which treason can be committed on the fact that they held their own death warrants in their hands was in none of their minds. Standing together, they examined it critically but admiringly.

STUDENTS

Our people is in ferment! Are we going to continue to entrust *parvenus* with the fate of our nation? Are we going to sacrifice the remainder of German youth to the lowest power instincts of a Party clique?

NEVER!

In the name of the whole German nation, we demand from the State of Adolf Hitler the restitution of personal freedom, that most precious possession out of which we have been cheated.

FREEDOM AND HONOUR!

Hitler and his confederates have twisted and abused these two beautiful words until they have become loathsome. They have thrown the highest ideals of a nation into the gutter. What they mean by freedom and honour they have shown only too well in ten years of destruction of all personal freedom, all freedom of thought, and all moral principles. The eyes of even the most stupid have now been opened by the terrible blood bath in which they endeavour to drown all Europe. The name of Germany will remain forever dishonoured if German youth does not at last arise, revenge and atone, destroy its tormentors and help build up a new spiritual concept in Europe.

STUDENTS!

THE GERMAN NATION IS LOOKING TO YOU!

They tossed a coin to see whether Adrian or Hans would be the first to pass out leaflets, and the chance fell to Adrian. Standing in the shadow of Intellectuellengasse before twilight and the

blackout made it impossible to recognize students, he waited. Several strangers passed; then a crippled soldier he had seen frequently in the University approached on crutches. Adrian stepped out of the shadow and handed him a leaflet. The soldier took it and gave him a glance of understanding that surprised him. Adrian was grateful that the soldier did not read it and thus attract attention. But in the next half-hour he discovered that Munich students, at least those using Intellectuellengasse, were well schooled in how to conduct themselves when receiving secret literature. Without exception, they thrust the leaflets quickly into a pocket, sometimes muttered, "Thanks, comrade," and hurried along. He became bolder and began to pass out leaflets to practically everyone who passed, and soon his supply was exhausted.

Meeting his friends as usual that evening at the Green Ship, Adrian found them bubbling with eagerness to hear what had happened. They were naturally elated over the first day's success. "It means," Maria calculated excitedly, "that two hundred people have read it and are thinking about it and telling other people." In the days that followed they discovered how deep the interest really was. Students would accept a leaflet, walk until they were unobserved, read it, and then return and silently shake the hand of the distributor. Others returned to ask where they could obtain more leaflets. No one asked the name of anyone else, for that would have aroused suspicion. Interested persons were told to copy the leaflet and give copies to others.

Of the four thousand students attending Munich University proper and residing in Munich, certainly not more than one-fourth ever walked through Intellectuellengasse, because for the others to do so would have demonstrated anti-Hitler feelings that they did not possess. Consequently, perhaps one thousand students and a few thousand Munich citizens, strangers and foreigners constituted the field reached by the distribution activities. This group in itself would have been much too small to have caused real worry to the Gestapo or any serious threat to the stability of the Hitler Government had the Nazis not reacted and thereby precipitated an outbreak.

As the circulation of the leaflets grew into thousands, it became inevitable that one should reach the desk of the new Gauleiter. The Gestapo went to work, but the utter simplicity of the scheme apparently foxed them. While they spied and snooped around the University, leaflets were being handed out each evening within fifty feet of the sacrosanct Nazi shrine after being produced within a hundred yards of the Braun Haus. Innocent persons were

dragged by the dozen to Gestapo headquarters for questioning, but at the end of four weeks nothing concrete had been discovered. The Gauleiter stormed and raged against his staff. Still the source of the leaflets was not discovered. Then he decided to take a different kind of action. "I shall clean out these Semitic-infected parasites who escape their duty by hiding in the University," he announced. "I shall turn them into the street and let the labour boards deal with them as with any gipsy shirking his duty."

The students learned of his decision when they were summoned from their lectures one morning and herded, with the entire faculty, into a large assembly court. After they had been left standing in a tight group for over an hour, commands were shouted and S.S. troops entered, followed by the Gauleiter, who walked to the marble platform at the front of the court. He had come to insult. About that he left no doubt. "Our attention," he shouted without preliminaries, "has been drawn, unfortunately too late, to conditions in the University, where a group of intellectuals believe the present moment, when our Fatherland is fully committed to a war for the liberation of the world from Bolshevism and Jewish capitalism, is the right time to attempt to knife our beloved Fuehrer and his great work in the back. Fortunately, however, we are already aware of these activities and know who is inspiring them. The heads of these people will roll, but let there be no misunderstanding about this fact. The reading of the literature these enemies of the Reich are distributing is no less treasonable than writing it."

As Giesler uttered more threats, his S.S. henchmen moved silently among the students and faculty, stopping frequently to examine a face, apparently in the hope of detecting guilt in self-consciousness. Hans stood expressionless on one side of the room, while Adrian and Maria leant against the rear wall holding hands. An S.S. guard looked at them for a time, then playfully struck their hands apart.

"We have decided," the Gauleiter was saying, "that there is altogether too much talent and energy being wasted in the University, and I have ordered a comb-out to see if among our illustrious academicians there might not be some who could wield a pick or bear a gun for the Fatherland. Fortunately for the girls, who now constitute the majority of our students, the Ministry of Education has decided that those qualified to teach shall be allowed to continue their studies. But what is to prevent them from doing something on the side? They have healthy bodies. Let them bear children. That is an automatic process

which, once started, continues without requiring the least attention."

There were murmurs in the crowd, and snickers and a few guffaws from the S.S. Accepting this as a suitable response from his audience, the Gauleiter continued, a bawdy smile on his face. "There is no reason," he shouted, "why every girl student should not for each of her years at the University present an annual testimonial in the form of a son. I realize that a certain amount of co-operation is required, and if some of the girls haven't sufficient charm to find a man, let them apply to me. I shall assign to each of them one of my adjutants. I can guarantee his pedigree and can promise her a thoroughly enjoyable experience."

A hubbub had by this time arisen among the students. Some of the girls had become red, others pale. The professors were looking anxiously at one another, wondering when it would end. The Gauleiter and S.S. were both obviously enjoying themselves. Suddenly a girl somewhere in the crowd said in a loud, clear voice, "This is outrageous. I won't listen to it," and tried to force her way to the doors at the rear. In an instant there was bedlam. Girls were fighting their way out, S.S. men were slugging right and left, men students were fighting the S.S. and one another, and Giesler was shouting commands to his guards to smash heads. Adrian and Maria managed to reach the door, which was held by two burly S.S. men. A girl student threw herself against one of them, trying to get out. He held her for a second with a grin on his face, then put his large hand against her chest and shoved viciously. She flew back into the crowd. At that moment Alexander Hohmeyer, the huge Nazi who had slugged Wilhelm Graf in the lecture room, appeared. He saw the girl brutally flung back. With a kind of leap he charged the S.S. man and landed a terrific blow in his face. The guard reeled, then sagged, and in a moment the doorway was clear. Students, S.S. and faculty surged through, a brawling, fanatical mob, and the fight continued in the open while police whistles sounded and S.S. reinforcements began to arrive.

Adrian and Maria reached the outskirts of the battle, and eventually found Hans, his face bleeding from a scratch and his uniform torn. They seized him and quickly got away, knowing that the S.S. would soon gain control and everyone caught would probably land in a forced labour camp. Hans was elated. "It is the beginning," he said over and over again. "All Germany will hear of this. The Nazis will never again have authority in the universities."

They met that evening in the Green Ship to discuss further plans. Shortly after they arrived, Alexander Hohmeyer came in

alone looking quite unscathed. Acting on an impulse, Adrian excused himself and walked up to him. Without saying anything, he put out his hand. Hohmeyer looked at him for a long instant, then took it. He winced as Adrian squeezed his hand—it was the one that had landed in the S.S. man's face

"Sit down," Hohmeyer said.

Adrian sat and watched the waitress bring two glasses of wine. "I saw you hit the S.S. man this morning," he said. "It was a dangerous thing for a Party man to do."

Hohmeyer said nothing for a time. He looked at Adrian in an almost indifferent manner, toying with his glass. "Well?" he finally asked.

Adrian knew that he had the advantage and was determined to find out about Hohmeyer, but could not ask a direct question which would have invited a snubbing answer, and Hohmeyer was apparently unwilling to open the conversation. "It was you who slugged Graf in the lecture-room," Adrian said. "Why did you do it?"

Hohmeyer looked at him for a time, then twirled the wine in his glass for a while longer. "I had to," he finally said. Adrian didn't reply because he knew that Hohmeyer hadn't finished. "I had to," Hohmeyer repeated in a kind of tense voice. "Heinicke, who sits in the back row, is the Gestapo split in that lecture and he would have reported me if I hadn't. He reported me as it was, but it was a favourable report."

He stopped. Adrian was puzzled. Hohmeyer, it was true, was a Party member, and Party members were supposed to combat political outbreaks. But the violence with which he had acted was quite inexplicable. A noisy protest in the true Party manner would certainly have sufficed. "Then why did you hit the S.S. man this morning?" Adrian asked.

Hohmeyer's eyes narrowed. "That was different," he said. "I was paying interest on a debt."

Adrian still didn't understand and Hohmeyer realized that he didn't. He finished his glass of wine and reached for his hat and coat, which he had placed on a chair beside him, it being very unwise to leave a coat or hat where anyone else could make off with it. Adrian also rose from the table. Hohmeyer turned to him as though by afterthought and said: "Two years of my education were acquired in Dachau. That's why I'm here now, sergeant, instead of at the front. Hernia. I don't want to go back to Dachau. *Heil Hitler!* sergeant." The last three words were unnecessarily loud. As Hohmeyer left the restaurant, Adrian returned to Hans and Maria.

None of them knew anything about Hohmeyer. He was a year

or two older than most of the other students, usually morose, but a good student, and he always wore his Party pin, even though many formerly vociferous members were now forgetting their Party status. "If he was in Dachau," Hans said, "that explains it. He's keeping in with the Party. He hit Graf because Heinicke was watching him, and he knew it would mean a favourable report. He slugge'd the S.S. man because he couldn't control himself. We must learn more about him."

The opportunity did not come for several days. Meanwhile the University had been closed for an investigation and Adrian and Hans had little to do beyond keeping warm in the unheated Tuerkenstrasse Barracks and making plans to take advantage of the stir the student revolt had caused throughout Germany. But two evenings later, as Adrian was hobbling back and forth in Intellectuellengasse handing out leaflets, he recognized Hohmeyer, who was just crossing the alley entrance to continue up Wienerstrasse. At the same time Hohmeyer saw him and turned and entered the Gasse. He greeted Adrian with "*Guten Abend, sergeant,*" and held out his hand in a friendlier manner than he had previously shown. Adrian had been thinking furiously about Hohmeyer and the Party pin stuck prominently on his overcoat. He decided to take a chance and handed him a leaflet. Hohmeyer took it without a word and thrust it into his pocket without looking at it. "*Servus, sergeant,*" he said and continued on his way.

That evening, as Adrian was entering the barracks gate, the corporal of the guard handed him a note. It read, "Come to Barerstrasse 38 to-night." Although there was no signature, Adrian knew it was from Hohmeyer. He said nothing to Hans, but after the barracks *Abendbrot*, he signed out and worked his way up Tuerkenstrasse, one block left on Schellingstrasse, then along Barerstrasse to 38. The house door was locked, but Hohmeyer's name was on a visiting card fastened with a thumb tack beside one of the bells, and he pushed it. Soon the door was unlocked from the inside and Hohmeyer let him in. "Did anyone follow you?" he asked in a matter-of-fact way, looking quickly up and down the street. He led Adrian up two flights of cold stairs and let him into a flat. A man opened a door facing the entrance and thrust his head out. "It's all right, Gustav," Hohmeyer said, and conducted Adrian back through a long dark corridor to a small room with bed, writing table, bookcase, several suitcases, wardrobe, and large white porcelain stove. He took Adrian's coat and helped him to a chair. Then he wrapped two brickettes in newspaper and placed them in the porcelain stove.

"I suspected you and your friends, the Scholls, of spreading the new culture and enlightenment," he said with a smile as he brought out a bottle of Enzian and two glasses from a table drawer. "Now your necks are all in the noose. How does it make you feel?"

Adrian took the brimming glass of Enzian from Hohmeyer and downed it before answering. Then he said, "One must take one's chances, even with the noose. But who wants to live forever?" Hohmeyer laughed as though Adrian had said something really funny. He refilled his glass.

"Come," he said. "One more before we talk. This one is for brotherhood." They drank solemnly. Adrian was slightly puzzled about his whole reception, and the Party pin on Hohmeyer's lapel was sordidly real. He decided to play cautious, knowing that Hohmeyer had the advantage over him and could possibly be playing a cat-and-mouse game before turning him over to the Gestapo.

"Now," Hohmeyer said, "I want to know about you and the Scholls, but first I will tell you about myself. Is that a fair exchange?" Adrian nodded. There was something deeply sincere in Hohmeyer's manner. "My family lived in Mannheim," he said. "My father was a member of the Reichstag and on the Mannheim Trade Union Council. This was before Hitler. My brother Ludwig and I went to the Gymnasium in Mannheim and were in the Hitler Youth. When I was nineteen, the S.S. arrived at our house one morning at five and took my father, my brother and me to police headquarters. We were questioned for two days without food or water, and weren't allowed to sleep. My father was suspected of illegal trade union activity. Perhaps he was guilty. I don't know. We were left in the Mannheim jail for eight days, then put on a train with about forty other Mannheim citizens, and the next day we arrived at Dachau. Well, you know what happens there. After seven months my father died, and some time later my brother was shot by a guard. They said he was trying to escape. I don't know, because I was in the hospital at the time. A rupture from S.S. boots on my stomach after I had been knocked out with a rifle butt. Don't ask my why. I still don't know. After two years, Julius Streicher visited us and announced that some of us had been cured of our attitude and would be sent back to the nation on probation. I had never had any attitude about the Nazis before and I suppose my record was clean, so I was among those picked for release. I decided to become the best Nazi in Germany. I said *"Heil Hitler!"* louder than any of the rest, I applied for membership in the Party, I

attended every meeting and demonstration. I became the model Nazi, the one they sent to Berlin to show to the foreign correspondents as walking proof of what the concentration camps do for a man. I was on probation and I was determined that nothing should ever go into my dossier that would make them suspect me. But I hate them. I hate them worse than dirt, worse than all the filth in all the gutters of Europe. And I shall get even with them for all they have done to me and my father and my brother." Although Hohmeyer did not change his tone of voice, the intensity of his feelings was evident in his lips, his eyes, his clenched fingers, his tense posture. "I was turned down for military service," he continued. "The S.S. saw to that, and I can't say I'm not grateful to them for it. It leaves me free."

During this recital Adrian sat silent in amazement. Here, he realized, was the inside of Germany. For the very first time he was behind the curtains and seeing what went on in the seething substrata of the German nation. It gave him an intense kind of thrill. He realized that in their determination to strike a blow for liberation, he and his companions were not alone.

Hohmeyer poured another drink. He was perhaps two years older than Adrian, but he seemed to possess a poise and assurance that were much older. "Now, my friend," he said, "we can work together. We never ask an outsider to join us, but once a German voluntarily puts his head in the noose, he qualifies for membership in our brotherhood of freedom. I came to it the same way you did—by making up my mind and doing something on my own. And you are not alone in the University, as you will discover."

Adrian wanted to ask endless questions, but he knew that Hohmeyer would tell him as much or as little as he chose, and, after all, he was a newcomer. "It was not because of the leaflet alone that I asked you to come here," Hohmeyer said. "Perhaps it was partly your poetic memory. Remember?" And, looking at Adrian with a quizzical smile, he quoted, "Stone walls do not a prison make . . ." He stopped. Adrian was too amazed to comment. Hohmeyer had not been present at Professor Huber's when he quoted the lines. Could it be . . . ?

As Hohmeyer helped him on with his Service overcoat, he said, "We shall meet again. Use your own judgment about telling your friends, the Scholls." After surveying the silent, snow-covered street, he beckoned to Adrian, who stood in the dark background. "Be careful, comrade," he said. "You don't have the Party pin to hide behind."

There could be no doubt, Adrian told himself, that Hohmeyer

had intended him to know that Professor Huber was working against the Nazis, and, moreover, that he was also aware of his own activities. Why, otherwise, would he have deliberately quoted the line from the poem?

The University re-opened the following Monday, but with a badly depleted student body. Hundreds had been arrested and others called up. Several professors were also missing. Being soldiers, neither Hans nor Adrian was molested, nor was Maria. Passing Adrian and Maria walking together in a University corridor, Hohmeyer flicked his arm and said, "*Heil Hitler*," and for perhaps the first time in either of their lives, Adrian and Maria both replied "*Heil Hitler*" without the slightest reservation. Now even the Nazi greeting had an importance. It was part of their camouflage.

The three conspirators went to Professor Huber's Friday afternoon coffee session, which continued as though nothing had happened at the University. One of Professor Huber's colleagues in the History Department, Professor von Nettelstein, had disappeared, and rumours were flitting around about him; that his body had been found bullet-riddled in Starnbergersee, that he was in Dachau, that he had fled into the Alps and was seen in Switzerland. When they asked him, Professor Huber shrugged his shoulders and said, "Old Nettelstein's probably engaged in some interesting research. Perhaps he will get the answers to some of his pet theories on the place of the social mind in the political State."

Adrian could not detect whether Professor Huber or any of those present were either informed or in any way involved in the underground work. The conversation seemed light, and only indirectly touched on political topics. When the guests had gone except Hans, Maria and Adrian, Professor Huber shut the door after the maid, passed cigarettes round, and, as though thinking aloud, began to talk. "Revolts, my young colleagues," he said, "are difficult to launch, and particularly difficult in Germany. In our long history only one revolt has actually succeeded. That was in 1813, when the young officer Lieutenant Schill led an uprising which finally broke the Napoleonic terror."

"And ousted another foreign tyrant," Hans commented grimly.

Professor Huber continued to smoke his pipe for a time. "Exactly," he said, as though the implication that Adolf Hitler was a foreign tyrant had been a casual remark on the weather. "It was the example of the youth then that inspired the Germans

to liberate themselves and join the forces of liberation throughout Europe. But in that attempt and in every other similar one those who carried the torch were extinguished in its flames and did not see the glory of its light."

"Herr Professor," Hans asked in a steady voice, "you have seen the leaflets?"

Without answering, Professor Huber walked to his porcelain stove, took out a block of tile from its side and drew forth a bundle of papers which he untied and laid out on the table. On top of the heap was one of the leaflets. "Yes," he said. "I saw it. Here are other leaflets distributed in and out of the University since 1933. I like to collect them. They constitute the real history of our time. Freedom and honour. How odd you should have hit upon those words. Here is another that emphasizes the same words. Franz Beck wrote it. You probably remember him. I think it was 1934." He needn't have mentioned the date. Every German student remembered when Franz Beck's mutilated body was found outside Munich. He was among the first of the Nazi victims.

Professor Huber let them out of his street door with the same hearty handshake and cheerful "*Guten Abend*" that he always used.

The reports in the press of the Stalingrad battle continued to be optimistic, but every forbidden source indicated that something serious was wrong. To both Adrian and Hans, Stalingrad meant something neither could put into words. They had both left their youth there, had been changed in those grim frozen nights from boys into bitter men whose life was more dominated by hate than by any other feeling. Adrian found that even his love for Maria was inadequate to establish a balance. For every carefree minute he spent with her, there were hours of morbid contemplation or burning anger against those who had driven him and so many others to misery and destruction. The general atmosphere in Munich was tense and volatile and the heavy R.A.F. raids were adding greatly to the problems of the Party administration. After the Party headquarter buildings on Koenigsplatz were hit and one destroyed by fire, a priority list of buildings to be protected was announced. Firefighters and residents living in the different zones of the city were ordered to protect these buildings, even at the expense of other buildings. The Party buildings and the palaces used as residences by prominent Nazis came first on the list, and the knowledge that in an emergency they were required to leave their own homes to burn while they fought fires at Party buildings did not improve the mood of the Bavarians.

"We must not accept Stalingrad," Hans said as they sat together one evening in the Green Ship. "The troops left there by orders of the great strategist, Adolf Hitler, will soon have to surrender, and this surrender must be a signal. If the people take Stalingrad, they can be made to take anything. But if it is turned into a signal of revolt, it could mean the end of the Nazis and of the war. The emotions of the people when they learn about Stalingrad must be stirred into fury against the Nazis. That is the time to act."

Adrian and Hans met Hohmeyer frequently. They gradually learned that he had been an underground leader for several years. They also learned something of the extent and activities of the anti-Hitler organization, especially among the German workers and the conscripted foreign workers. They met men who had worked for years as anonymous characters inside and outside Germany, men who were introduced as Fritz or Sepp or Peter. All had one thing in common—a grim stake in the overthrow of the Nazis. Meeting these men, Adrian understood clearly for the first time the full meaning of the principle enunciated so frequently by Nazi leaders: "There are no neutral Germans. Whoever is not for us is against us." The dynamism of war would inevitably force every German to make his decision.

They discussed with Hohmeyer the possibility of organizing a Stalingrad demonstration at the University. "There is much in what you say," he agreed after hearing their ideas. "The announcement of the Stalingrad defeat, when they do announce it, will be the greatest psychological moment since the war started. If we succeeded in breaking through the Gestapo control for even an hour, we might win. It would certainly be the end of the Nazis. If we lost—well it would be just another attempt."

"What we might gain," Adrian added eagerly, "is much greater than what we could lose."

Several days later they visited Hohmeyer's room in Barerstrasse. He was more excited than they had ever seen him before. "You are in luck," he said. "By coincidence, several of our people in the factories have also decided that the time is good for action. The factory workers are more depressed by Stalingrad than by anything that has happened yet. They are ready for trouble." The best plan, he suggested, would be for each group to work independently, but with sufficient liaison to insure that the different actions would be co-ordinated. The open demonstration, they decided, would occur in the Munich University on the day the Stalingrad defeat was announced to the students.

For three days Adrian and Hans prepared and discarded plans.

The students they could definitely count on were too few for any kind of violence, and an outbreak would be quickly overpowered. Whatever action was taken must be so sudden that it would take the S.S. by surprise, so violent that it would break up the meeting, and so effective that nothing could hush it up. A major operation had to be prepared and carried out with complete secrecy and practically no assistance. The problem began to seem impossible to solve. Then one night Adrian and Maria were hurrying to shelter because R.A.F. planes were overhead. They heard the whistle of a falling object and were in the act of throwing themselves flat on the ground when there was a small explosion and flash a few hundred feet overhead and suddenly the air was full of fluttering white leaflets. The leaflets were nothing new—children collected them—but the mode of their distribution suddenly revealed to Adrian the answer to his problem. An explosion in the University court that would create confusion and stop the speaker, and in an instant the court would be flooded with leaflets denouncing the Hitler régime and calling for open rebellion.

When the idea was explained to Hohmeyer the next day, he immediately saw its possibilities. It was neat and efficient, and could be carried out by only a few persons. And the leaflets need not be confined to the University court, but could be blown from the roof of the building over a wide area so that thousands outside the University would receive them. "You will need at least fifty thousand leaflets," he said. "There is a printer in Stuttgart who will do them. We can also provide the bombs. For the text of the leaflet, you might take advice from a historian." He said no more, but Adrian knew which historian was meant.

Adrian wanted to keep Maria out of the plot. Distributing leaflets had been dangerous enough, but nothing like staging a full-scale revolt. It was perhaps a premonition of failure that led him to speak of it. "It is something for us to do alone," he told her. "Let us imagine that you know nothing about it."

Maria wasn't really listening; she was waiting for him to finish. "When we swore our pact over the wine table," she said, "it was for the rest of our lives. If anything were to happen to you and I were to continue living, it wouldn't be. Let's make it that way. And let's say no more about it." Adrian knew that she was right. Life for her, should the plot fail, would be an ordeal of Gestapo investigation and concentration camp. Better that they should stay together through to the end, whatever it might be.

Professor Huber's Friday afternoon coffee session was as usual. There was an eager discussion of English traits, and it became

evident that Professor Huber was subtly striving to educate his students in individuality. "The Englishman," he said in one of his occasional comments as he puffed meditatively on his pipe and seemed to enjoy the tumult of young voices around him, "is not necessarily wise or even intelligent. He may be clever or a fool, but he stands on his own feet." Once he went to his bookshelves lining the walls and selected a volume of Eckermann's conversations with Goethe. Opening it, he read a passage of dialogue between the pompous little German burgher and the great thinker. "I would not assert," Eckermann wrote, "that the young Englishmen are more clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than Germans." "The secret does not lie in these things," Goethe answered. "It lies in the courage they have to be that for which Nature has made them. Such as they are, they are complete men. That they are also sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart, but that is still something."

It was blackout time before the students left. Hans, Maria and Adrian lingered behind as usual. Professor Huber resumed his seat in his favourite armchair and re-lit his pipe. "Tell us, Herr Professor," Hans said, "how a proclamation should be properly composed."

Professor Huber mused for a few seconds. "It should contain the fire of conviction," he said. "And it must be absolute. That is, it must not contain promises or threats, but a complete statement of faith so compelling that all who read will believe in the sincerity of the author. Adolf Hitler once issued a proclamation which ended with the words, 'We shall either triumph or tomorrow will see us dead!' He shouldn't have made that promise. Some people are still waiting for it to be carried out." Professor Huber chuckled as he said this, and looked from one to the other of the three students seated on the sofa, with Maria in the middle. "Some of our most literary proclamations," he continued, "were written by Voltaire for Frederick the Great, but their sincerity is dubious. I think we have the best models in those written by our own young people." As he spoke, Professor Huber went to the secret niche in the porcelain stove and removed the roll of documents he had casually shown to the students two weeks before. "First, you must state your proposition," he said, poring through the leaflets. "Yes, here is one: 'The day of reckoning has come, the reckoning of Germans with the most detestable tyranny a people has ever had to suffer.'"

Without any of the group mentioning the actual purpose of the proclamation, the contents were gradually worked out, even to a

historical comparison of Stalingrad and Beresina. "It is good fare for the intellectuals," Professor Huber said, "and, anyhow, Beresina is a very lovely word."

Letting them out into the black street, Professor Huber said quietly, as though the thought had suddenly occurred to him, "Professor Jahncke's chemistry laboratory is on the top floor. He stores all kinds of equipment. Don't hesitate to approach him."

The world into which they had unwittingly entered was indeed one of endless surprises. Could it be possible, Adrian asked himself, that wizened old Jahncke, who smelled eternally of chemicals and absent-mindedly burned holes in his clothes, was also a fighter for freedom? His little laboratory on the top floor of the University was as near to an ivory tower as a German ever achieves. Yet Professor Huber certainly knew. Adrian felt exhilarated and at the same time humble. That Jahncke, that solid, old academician, had also placed his head in the noose.

The situation at Stalingrad continued to deteriorate. The kiss-of-death order, "No retreat; stand or die," came from Hitler. Still no news of Stalingrad appeared in the German press, and the radio seemed to have forgotten Stalingrad entirely. The text of the proclamation was completed and Adrian took it to Hohmeyer to be handed to the printer. "Good," he said after reading the manuscript. "It will be printed on official Nazi paper." He lifted the blotter on his writing table and handed Adrian a sheet of white paper with the Nazi eagle and swastika plainly water-marked in it. He laughed at Adrian's puzzled expression. "We managed to acquire a few cases of it," he said. "It is well to be official, is it not?" The response from the German underground, he told Adrian, was good. The uprising would be general.

That afternoon Adrian casually dropped into Professor Jahncke's laboratory and found the old professor hard at work. The University porter Schmidt was busily piling up packing cases in another part of the room. "Ah, good afternoon, sergeant," the professor said, pushing up his spectacles and peeling his black sleevelets off his arms. "It is nice of you to climb so high to visit an old man." Then, turning to Schmidt, he said, "Thank you, Schmidt, that's fine. When the new equipment comes, see that it is brought up. Good day." As the porter, a stooping old man with a heavy tread, was leaving the room, Professor Jahncke offered Adrian a chair and asked, "Well, sergeant, how are your experiments progressing?" It soon became obvious to Adrian that Professor Jahncke knew, but like Professor Huber, he would not commit himself. This, he was discovering, was typical of the

entire underground. People collaborated without anyone exposing himself through a confidence. As Adrian took his leave after chatting for a few minutes, Professor Jahncke said, "I think you may rely on Schmidt to help you with your equipment. My door is always unlocked. I lost the key years ago."

Meeting Hohmeyer a few days later, Adrian found him troubled. "It has not been announced," he said, "but Himmler has been made Minister of the Interior and the S.S. has been mobilized."

"Has there been a leak?" Adrian asked.

"Perhaps not," Hohmeyer replied. "They may be merely taking precautions against whatever may happen when they announce Stalingrad. But it makes things difficult. Have you made your arrangements at the University?" Adrian nodded. "Good. The leaflets are ready. Where should they be sent?"

"To Professor Jahncke's laboratory, labelled as chemical equipment," Adrian replied. "Schmidt, the porter, will see that they are taken care of."

Hans, Maria and Adrian were having their usual glass of wine at the Green Ship a few evenings later when Hohmeyer came in and sat at another table. Adrian went to the men's room, and Hohmeyer passed him on his way out. "To-morrow's the day," he said. "Meet me at Jahncke's laboratory in half an hour. Let Fraulein Scholl shadow Heinicke. He's sitting near the door. He may suspect something."

Adrian returned to his table and instructed Maria. If Heinicke followed them, her task was to overtake them by a different route and warn them. While they were talking, Hohmeyer left the *Weinstube*. Heinicke, the Gestapo split, noticed him, but did not follow. In twenty minutes Hans and Adrian also departed, leaving Maria in conversation with the proprietor's wife. Heinicke was obviously watching someone else, because he paid no attention to them.

Schmidt, the porter, was sitting in his small, frigid porter's lodge at the Amalienstrasse entrance of the University. He let them into the building, flashed his torch in their faces for an instant, mumbled "*Schon gut*" and went back to his jumble of blankets and the *ersatz* coffee he was brewing over a spirit stove. If Schmidt recognized them as anyone other than students returning to work in a seminar or to fetch forgotten books, he gave no sign.

Hohmeyer was in the laboratory opening the packing cases which contained the proclamations. He handed them a copy without saying anything. The proclamation looked more defiant

in print with its large black headlines than it had in manuscript. "The Gauleiter will speak at eleven to-morrow," Hohmeyer said. "At eleven-thirty we shall take the words out of his mouth." One of the cases contained small charges of gelignite and timing apparatuses.

Packages were made up containing five thousand leaflets and a bomb set to explode at 11.30. Placing them around the assembly court was a fairly easy matter because from the top gallery surrounding the court they could be lowered to a stone ledge and hidden behind the long swastika streamers that provided a permanent adornment to the court. Hiding parcels outside the University was more difficult, but several were finally concealed on the roof of the portico over the main entrance. It was past midnight when Hans and Adrian left the building, being let out by Schmidt, whom they roused from sleep. "If we were true Nazis," Hans observed, "we would strangle him and hide the body. Let's hope he is safe." Twenty minutes later Hohmeyer followed.

The atmosphere at the University the next morning was one of intense gloom. Since 6 a.m. the radio news broadcasts had been introduced by the mournful song, "Ich hatt' ein' Kameraden," instead of the usual fanfares, and the entire news periods were devoted to an announcement of the surrender at Stalingrad and a eulogy to the defeated army.

Adrian attended Professor Baumlér's lecture on English literature, but his mind was full of many things. Would the bombs explode? Was the timing right? What would be the reaction? The professor had deviated into one of his favourite fields. "England," he said, "is a rich *parvenu* and upstart who to-day wants to police the world. Historically and culturally, England is the latest European creation. The other great nations of Europe had centuries of illustrious history behind them before England put in her appearance. Germany had already enjoyed a thousand years of glorious history and inimitable culture before William the Conqueror set foot on English soil. Before this time there was no English history to speak of."

Half-listening, Adrian wondered where Maria was and what Hans and Hohmeyer were doing. They had decided the night before to attend classes and to be present in the assembly when the Gauleiter spoke. Professor Baumlér was developing his thesis along familiar lines. "An inferiority complex," he declared, "combined with capitalist greed has caused England to regard us Germans with infernal hatred." The hand on his wrist-watch had passed ten, and Adrian felt his hands, despite the frigid air of

the classroom, growing moist with perspiration. He rubbed them on his trouser legs and tried to concentrate on what the professor was saying. Although he was listening for it as he had never listened for anything in his life, the sudden staccato sound of the klaxon surprised him and he felt his heart leap. It was the general assembly summons.

He waited at the end of the wing corridor for Maria and walked with her towards the court. The hand she slipped into his was trembling, but she smiled courageously when he caught her eye in a sidewise glance. They found a place near the steps the Gauleiter would have to mount to reach the platform. Hans passed them, pushing his way through the crowd until he could see through the side window what was happening outside. They spotted Hohmeyer leaning against a column directly under one of the charged packages.

It was just past eleven when sounds of the usual commotion and barked commands were heard in the court, and in a few minutes Gauleiter Giesler entered, flanked by an assortment of uniformed Nazis. He mounted the platform and began to speak without preliminaries. Adrian was relieved. It would have been catastrophic had the Nazis prepared any kind of ceremonial which would have delayed the speech. The Gauleiter pursued the theme and tone set in the radio broadcasts. Germany, he said, accepted Stalingrad in the Niebelungen spirit—that peculiar kind of unquestioning Germanic fatalism that glorifies death and revels in the triumphant procession to self-destruction. "In the immortal records of sublime human deeds," he shouted, "there is no question as to final purpose. The greatest sacrifices are made regardless of whether they are made in vain. The pages on which the immortal German epic is written contain no question of why."

The Gauleiter worked into his subject, making Stalingrad sound like a privilege. Among the faculty Adrian could see Professor Huber with his keen, quizzical expression, and off to one side old Professor Jahncke with his eyes closed. He could catch just a glimpse of the milling crowd outside. A loudspeaker was carrying the Gauleiter's voice into Ludwigstrasse, and several thousand people had congregated in front of the University. Hohmeyer, he noticed, kept his eye on the large gilt clock on the wall behind the speaker.

As the clock showed 11.30, Giesler was announcing a week of national mourning. Students would wear a black band on their right sleeve, flags would fly at half-mast, social activities of all kinds would cease; even the restaurants and beer halls would close except in the afternoon.

There was a sharp report and puff of smoke as the first bomb exploded. For a split second nothing happened; then a shower of leaflets burst out over the court. The crowd was suddenly motionless, immobilized with shock. Another explosion a fraction of a second later seemed to be a starting gun for action. The Gauleiter was the first to react. His words died in his mouth as he threw himself flat on the floor behind the balustrade flanking the platform. Other explosions followed at quick intervals and the air grew thick with fumes and leaflets. After their initial stupefaction, students, S.S. and faculty began to scurry in all directions, frantically seeking escape or shelter, and the multitude in the court suddenly resembled ants in aimless disorder. The swastika draperies were blown loose and fell upon the terrified crowd, adding to the confusion. In front of the University explosions had also begun.

From his hiding place behind the balustrade, the Gauleiter picked up one of the leaflets, which soon covered the court, and read:

GERMAN STUDENTS

The day of reckoning has come, the reckoning of German youth with the most-detestable tyranny a people has ever had to suffer.

We have grown up in a state of brutal oppression. The Hitler Youth, Storm Troops and S.S. have tried to regiment, revolutionize and stun us. We are expected to obey shameless, godless, irresponsible exploiters and murderers, to be blind, stupid followers of a leader. We are forced to undergo political training, a contemptible process of killing individual thought and judgment. In order to obtain an education, we must make ourselves the willing tools of Party bosses.

STUDENTS

We have one duty—to fight against the Party. The German nation is looking to us. It expects from us the breaking of the National Socialist terror as in 1813 the Napoleonic terror was broken. Beresina and Stalingrad are fiery signals from the East. The dead of Stalingrad call:

“GERMANS ARISE! THE TIME HAS COME!”

The first shock had passed, and students and faculty were beginning to read the leaflets, some dumbly, incredulously, others with a kind of wild eagerness, while the S.S. guards, recovered

from their surprise and fear, set about doing the only thing they had been trained to do. Clubbing to the right and left, and snatching leaflets out of hands, they again became the brutal instruments of Nazi order. The Gauleiter too had revived from his spasm of terror and was attempting to gain control of the struggling, shouting mob. "Guard the doors! Shoot anyone who picks up a paper!" he shouted from his platform. Shots were fired and a few bodies sprawled among the litter on the floor. Suddenly, with a report louder than the shots or original explosions, the plate glass doors leading to the street burst from the impact of bodies and the crowd inside mingled with the rapidly assembling mob in front of the University.

No further explosions occurred, and the wild *mêlée* gradually assumed the character of a political demonstration. There were shouts of "Down with the Nazis!" and "Kill Hitler!" and several individuals attempted to reach the Gauleiter, but were flung back down the steps by his bodyguards. Aware that the real danger lay in the spread of the revolt into the city, the Gauleiter shouted orders for the area of the University to be cordoned off. "Shoot anyone who tries to leave!" he screamed. His single formula for dealing with the outbreak was liberal shooting. The few municipal police in the vicinity ran in from surrounding streets, but were reluctant to interfere, it being one of the unwritten laws of the Third Reich that the police refrain from mingling in political riots. A Bavarian policeman, one of the few left in Munich, did, however, participate. Seeing an S.S. man brutally assault a woman who approached up Ludwigstrasse and stooped to pick up a leaflet, the policeman looked quickly around, then brought his night stick down with all the force of his two arms on the S.S. man's neck just below the rim of his steel helmet. The Nazi crumpled with a groan and the policeman walked away to lose himself in the mass of people in front of the University.

Protecting Maria as best he could, Adrian pushed her out of the crush in the court towards the corridor leading to the back entrance of the University on Amalienstrasse. If Schmidt, the porter, was on duty, he would let them through his lodge door. They found him sitting in his chair wrapped in blankets. "So now they break their heads against one another," he mumbled as he unlocked the door. "Good riddance." They were anxious about Hans and Hohmeyer, but to return in search of them was not only unwise but impossible; so they slipped through Amalienstrasse to an alley leading into Tuerkenstrasse and were soon out of earshot and beyond the S.S. cordon. Two military lorries crammed with armed S.S. troops roared down Tuerkenstrasse,

but in the opposite direction from the University. On reaching the intersection of Tuerkenstrasse and Briennerstrasse, they discovered why. Koenigsplatz, the seat of the Nazi Party, was surrounded by several companies of S.S., and pedestrians who stopped to look along Briennerstrasse towards the Braun Haus and the atrocious marble structures built to house the Party headquarters were roughly shoved or jabbed at by guards armed with rifles with fixed bayonets. Whether the Nazis had been forewarned or had merely taken precautions to protect the Party headquarters, neither Adrian nor Maria knew, but that the revolt was not confined to the University was self-evident.

"It is best we get off the street," Adrian suggested. "Otherwise we may be picked up. Whatever happens now, we have done our part. Let us meet as usual to-night at the Green Ship. We shall know by then." They parted at the corner of Tuerkenstrasse and Theresienstrasse, and Adrian watched Maria as she walked towards Luisenstrasse. Then he limped back to the barracks.

The guard at the entrance was aflame with excitement. "*Es geht los!*" he said with unconcealed eagerness as Adrian approached. "They say the University's gone. Bomb in the court. Have you seen anything?"

"The University's still there," Adrian answered.

"They're shooting in the city," the guard continued avidly, "and they say the railway workers are out on strike. They're derailing trains from Berlin." Adrian was grateful for the information, though suspecting its accuracy. If only Germany had at last risen against the Nazis. "Man, it's revolution," the guard called from below as Adrian climbed the stone stairs. "*Es geht los!*" Adrian could detect a note of exultation in his voice. Perhaps, he thought, all Germany feels the same. Perhaps it was only a signal they were waiting for.

He was resting on his bed when four S.S. troopers entered the room. His taut nerves had suddenly seemed to sag, and he found himself quite incapable even of excitement. He watched without lifting his eyes as the four pairs of black boots approached, escorted by the denim-clad legs of the room orderly. He wondered idly whether they had come for him and did not care much except to speculate on whether they would carry him if he was not able to walk. He heard the orderly say, "Here," and the four troopers stopped at a bed. It was Hans' bed. The S.S. men took the clothes from the hook over the bed and gathered up the few books and the writing pad beside it. One looked under the bed and another ripped off the blankets and mattress so that the springs were bare. They've arrested Hans, Adrian thought, and

was surprised to find that the thought somehow failed to call forth any particular reaction. The S.S. troopers departed, carrying Hans' belongings with them.

Maria was waiting at the Green Ship when Adrian arrived that evening. She smiled bravely, but he saw that she knew. "Hans did not get away from the University," she said in her usual quiet voice. "He was knocked unconscious and they picked him up and took him to the S.S. barracks. Someone—I think it was Hohmeyer—phoned and told me."

"Perhaps they have nothing on him and will let him go when he comes round," Adrian said, though he knew that Maria knew that this would not happen. Neither of them had any definite information, though Maria had heard that the railway station was closed to the public and that hundreds of S.S. troopers were patrolling the streets. No news had arrived in the city from the outside. The restaurant was empty except for them and the young assistant polishing glasses at the serving table.

At his usual time Hohmeyer came in and, after a casual look around, sat at an adjacent table. "They picked up Professor Jahncke this evening," he said guardedly. "Schmidt, the porter, talked. They probably have all our names. I'm ducking and you must too."

The idea of going into hiding had not occurred to Adrian. He was more interested in hearing whether the revolt had succeeded. "What news?" he asked.

"Munich has been isolated since noon," Hohmeyer said. "No one is entering or leaving the city, and the telephone exchanges are blocked. The transport workers struck this morning in Mannheim. Eleven have been shot. That's all we know." As he talked, he watched the door as though momentarily expected the S.S. to arrive. "Come," he said. "We'd be picked up here by the patrols."

Maria had said nothing, but Adrian felt her resistance to the thought of going into hiding. She slipped her hand into his and it was warm and reassuring. It was not trembling. Hohmeyer had risen from his chair and was impatient to leave. "I couldn't go far on these," Adrian said, pointing to his bandaged feet. "I'd only be a drag, I'll stay here." He felt Maria squeeze his hand, and knew that she agreed.

"Be reasonable," Hohmeyer urged, and his voice was tense. "We may have failed to-day. I don't know. But if we did, we'll try again. We must not be caught. Come. I know a place."

The thought of being caught and even of dying did not alarm Adrian. He found it commonplace beside the prospect of

complications that would result from flight—desertion from the Army, perpetual uncertainty, and all the indignity of a mole-like existence underground. He looked at Maria, for he knew that whatever she decided he would do.

She rose from the table and held out her hand to Hohmeyer. "Good luck," she said. "Remember us," Hohmeyer hesitated as though about to say something, then shook hands silently with Maria, then with Adrian. Everything, he knew, had been said. They watched him until the blackout curtains closed behind him, and heard the rasping sound of the closing door.

"I hope he gets away," Maria said.

"Yes," Adrian said. "Germany needs fighters."

Of themselves, neither seemed to think. They sat silently, and when the girl finished polishing her glasses, she started back towards the kitchen. Adrian called her and she brought a second caraffe of wine. The evening habitués that usually half filled the restaurant had not arrived. It could be the police cordons that blocked off several streets leading to it, but more likely it was the fear of being picked up by the Gestapo patrols that would certainly be out. Adrian and Maria sat alone. The clock on the wall struck nine, the hour when ordinarily the news would have been broadcast through the loudspeaker over the kitchen door and all conversation in the restaurant would have stopped. But the radio was silent. They wondered slightly about the absence of news, but thought the proprietor must have decided not to bother turning it on for only two customers. Neither Adrian nor Maria knew that the Munich station had been put out of action by saboteurs. They talked about days before the war, when their future seemed cast in a golden glow—of bicycle trips along the Isar, of excursions to Starnbergersee and Ammersee, and of the week they had spent together in a cabin in the Alps. Maria was seventeen then and Adrian twenty, but both had felt very grown up and daring. As they talked, Maria's voice again grew light and her words were laced with little childish wisps of laughter that Adrian remembered, but had not heard since the war. He knew that she was happy, and he himself felt for the first time since his return to Munich a buoyancy and freedom that he associated with far-away days. They were still in this carefree, happy mood when the S.S. arrived.

Two troopers entered abruptly with automatic rifles jutting from their hips and lumped to stiff positions on either side of the entrance. Two more followed into the room, both with drawn pistols. They advanced to the table and demanded to see Adrian's identification papers. It was not accidental. The S.S. troopers

were not a patrol, but were hunting for him. One of them jabbed his gun into his back and with the other hand seized the shoulder of his uniform to jerk him to his feet. Maria was treated with more courtesy. She was allowed to put on her own coat and to adjust her fur cap before she and Adrian led a silent procession out of the restaurant. Behind them were two S.S. troopers with drawn pistols and behind them two S.S. troopers with ready Spandaus. At the curb stood a black Mercédès touring car with heavy curtains. Maria was ordered to get in first, and sat in the rear seat with an S.S. trooper on either side of her. Adrian, likewise flanked by S.S. troopers, sat on the folding seats. The driver knew his business and drove off immediately to Gestapo headquarters; the troopers sat wooden-faced, without uttering a word. No one could possibly take himself so seriously as a German on a mission.

The signing in and checking of identity at headquarters took only a minute; then an S.S. orderly took Adrian by the arm to lead him to a cell. As Adrian turned to Maria, the Standartenführer at the desk barked, "They are not to speak," and he was jerked away. But he caught Maria's smile of encouragement.

The following days remained a tortured jumble in Adrian's mind. He experienced the greatest relief when in the hands of Himmler's questioners, his greatest anguish when left alone in his cell. It was like waiting in a dentist's chair while the dentist selects and adjust his drills. His persecutors wanted information, and one question became engraved in his mind as it was relentlessly repeated: "Who were your accomplices?" In the beginning he was afraid something might be forced out of him, some admission that would help the Gestapo. But he soon discovered that his body could endure only a certain amount of pain before the switch of consciousness automatically snapped. He also discovered that he could easily bear this amount, and in each interrogation he waited hopefully for the moment of relief that he knew would come. He was confident that he would pass out before he would talk. He saw neither Hans nor Maria during the days of investigation, but one morning was brought into the interrogation room for identification by Schmidt, the old porter. Adrian had felt from the time Hohmeyer said that Schmidt had talked that he was not a voluntary informer, and one sight of the old man convinced him. The porter had been changed by brutal treatment into a babbling wreck. He was unshaven and dirty, blood from a head wound was clotted in his hair, and he snuffled and whimpered continuously like a sick puppy. The only words Adrian could distinguish were, "I'm an old man. Let me go home."

When Adrian had been brought into the room and placed in a chair beneath a strong light, an S.S. officer jerked back the porter's sagging head and slapped him sharply on the cheek. "Did this man enter the University on the evening of February 15?" he asked.

"I'm an old man," Schmidt whimpered. "I wouldn't know."

"Refresh your memory," the officer said, and slapped him again, this time much harder.

Schmidt's head jerked back under the impact of the blow and he raised his hands to shield himself from further blows. A guard standing at attention jumped forward and pinned his arms behind his back.

"Was this man in the University on the evening of February 15?" the officer repeated.

Schmidt began a rambling, disjointed, babbling discourse in which only phrases were intelligible. "It was cold," he said, "students came in . . . can't see . . . wind . . . no one around . . . no heat . . . hard to keep awake . . . came for books . . . work evenings . . ."

"Talk sense," the officer barked and slapped Schmidt again. The old man began to sob brokenly.

Adrian interrupted. "I can answer your question," he said. "I was in the University on February 15 from about nine o'clock until after midnight."

The S.S. officer was not surprised. "Good," he said. "The fifth confession." Adrian was taken back to his cell. He did not know that, lacking any more concrete clues, the Gestapo had merely set out to arrest everyone who had visited the University building on the evening before the explosion, since they knew the bombs must have been planted after it had been confidentially announced on the previous evening that the Gauleiter would speak the next morning.

Nor did he know that the attempt, while unsuccessful in setting off a national revolt, had nevertheless shaken the Party organization to its roots. The Gauleiter was hysterically insisting that everyone in any way implicated should be hanged from lamp-posts along Ludwigstrasse. Field-Marshal Keitel, Hitler's chief war lord, had demanded that both Adrian and Hans, being sergeants in the Army, should be tried by court-martial. It was Hitler himself who finally decreed that the People's Court should sit in Munich to pass sentence, since the question of a trial before a court of justice did not figure in the Nazi mind. Eighteen people in all, including Professor Jahneke and several entirely innocent students, were in the hands of the Gestapo, and the number of

persons shot in various towns throughout the Reich as local sabotage and uprisings were crushed numbered several score.

News came to Geheimrat Johannes Scholl when two S.S. troopers rang his bell and strode into his study with the maid and Frau Scholl anxiously following. "Are you the father of Hans and Maria Scholl, students in Munich University?" one of the men, a sergeant, asked after carefully checking the identification papers of Herr Scholl, who stood at his desk in the manner German gentlemen of importance have stood since the day of Bismarck.

"*Jawohl*," he answered shortly.

"They await trial in Munich for high treason. I have here a document which you will sign."

Showing no outward indication of the shock the news gave him, Herr Scholl took the paper and looked at it. It was a statement that he, the father, denounced his children as traitors and urged exemplary punishment, while pledging his own undivided loyalty to Hitler. The purpose was clear in an instant. The denunciation would be used in court and for national propaganda. When the Nazis were certain of the support of the youth and doubtful of the loyalty of parents, it was the children who were urged to denounce their parents. Now, with the young generation in revolt, proof that the older generation was loyal had to be obtained. Herr Scholl dropped the paper on the table in front of the two stiff S.S. figures in black. His face was pale but resolute. "When a court of justice proves my children guilty, I shall be convinced," he said. "But I shall sign nothing." And, turning to the terrified maid standing with Frau Scholl at the door, he said calmly. "Pack my things, Anna. I shall be leaving immediately for Munich."

He started towards his wife, who had begun to sob. The S.S. man looked at the sergeant. The sergeant nodded. The man slipped his pistol out of its holster and fired a shot into Herr Scholl's back. As he fell, the S.S. man fired two more shots.

The maid screamed and covered her face with her apron. Frau Scholl started towards her husband, but collapsed before she reached him. Stepping across her prostrate figure in the entrance to the library, the second guard seized the now hysterical maid by the arm. "You," he said. "Come here." He led her into the library to the table upon which still lay the document of denunciation the Geheimrat had refused to sign. From his pocket he took another paper and spread it out. "Sign your name here," he ordered. With trembling hands, she took the pen offered her and

signed "Anna Schulz." The document was an eye-witness statement testifying that Herr Scholl had been shot resisting arrest and attempting to escape. The S.S. guard folded the paper and capped his pen. The guard who had fired the shots was standing over Frau Scholl's unconscious form. He looked at his superior with a questioning look. The sergeant hesitated an instant, then shook his head. The two S.S. men stepped across the body of the wife and left the house.

The trial was held in Munich's Palace of Justice, and Dr. Freisler, the notorious People's Court Judge from Berlin, came to Bavaria to preside. It was no court of justice in the sense that even Germans had been brought up to understand justice, but merely a platform from which the crime and punishment of a group of Germans could be announced to the nation. It was an instrument of terror employed by Himmler to intimidate anyone who might harbour treasonable thoughts against the Nazi régime. No defence was provided; all who stood in the dock were already convicted.

Adrian received his first intimation that the day of trial had arrived when he was taken to a wash-room and ordered to take a shower—the first opportunity he had had even to wash his hands in six days. He was handed a safety razor to shave, a guard standing at his side during the operation. Then he was given a cheap suit of civilian clothes and white shirt without a collar or neckband. His appearance, as he surveyed himself in the mirror, must have surprised him. He saw traces of what he vaguely recalled having seen before when he looked into mirrors but he could not associate memories with details. The eyes, cheeks, mouth, nose—all seemed shorn down to bare essentials. The face he saw was like the hideous impressionistic faces German artists had painted before Hitler banned impressionism.

As he was led along a grey corridor and into the courtroom by guards who practically carried him, because without his sticks he could scarcely walk, he looked around for Maria and wondered if she would be in the room. He hoped she would have been released, as her part in the actual attempt had been indirect indeed. He started slightly as he saw her sitting in the prisoners' box between two stolid S.S. men. She looked exactly as he remembered her across the chasm of time cut by the events of the past days, and he caught her flash of a smile before he was led into the box and jerked down on to the bench between his own two guards. He also spotted Hans, dressed like himself, in civilian clothes. Hans did not notice him, but sat looking straight

ahead into the room, which was filled with officials in brown uniforms, a sprinkling of S.S. in black uniform, several rows of civilians and a nondescript group representing the press. The prisoners in the box numbered seven, but neither Professor Jahneke, Professor Huber, Hohmeyer, nor any of the others who might have known about the plot was present. Except for Maria, all the prisoners were men, dressed like himself in cheap civilian clothes with collarless white shirts. They were haggard and afflicted with uncontrolled twitchings. Adrian vaguely recalled having seen two or three of them in lectures and in the University library, but he was not acquainted with any of them. He was puzzled.

Orders were shouted into the courtroom, everyone stood up, and the Chief Judge entered, followed by his two associates. All were dressed in black legal robes, since the pretence of justice must be maintained. The proceedings opened with German efficiency—that is, without any formalities. The State Prosecutor, a short, heavy man with bristling grey hair, a Hitler mustache, and the sharp, abrupt movements of a Civil Servant who has not forgotten his military training, rose and read the charges in a barking voice. Against each of the seven they were identical—plotting against the Nazi State, and attempted assault on an official of the State. Several of the accused in the box gave violent starts when the charges were read against them, and two would have risen had they not been held firmly in their place by the guards on either side of them. It was obvious that at least some of them had learned for the first time why they had been arrested and tortured. None of the accused was given an opportunity to state whether he was guilty or innocent.

The first witness was Gauleiter Giesler. The Judges and court officials were obsequious in the presence of such a high Party official, and Giesler played with rehearsed condescension the role of the master stooping to assist his inferiors in the conduct of their affairs. He stepped into the witness-box, waved aside a fussy attendant, and smiled benignly upon the Chief Judge, who smiled gratefully back. The State Prosecutor used appropriately subdued tones as he asked indirectly in the manner of a German servant speaking to his master: "Would the Herr Gauleiter have the kindness to inform the court of the happenings at the Munich University on the morning of February 16?"

Giesler appeared to reflect, wrinkling his forehead and gazing at the ceiling. Then he began to recount the circumstances of his visit to the University. The judges, prosecutor, and spectators knew all about it, but a Gauleiter could not be interrupted, and

he was allowed to occupy ten minutes sketching in the detailed background for his own role in the explosion. "The first bomb exploded at 11:30 sharp," he said. "I know this because, old journalist that I am, I automatically looked at my wrist-watch. I realized in a flash that it was a planned attack against the State of Adolf Hitler. A strong mind and sure hand were needed. Fortunately, I possess these, as my past record shows. The situation could have been damned serious. Stern commands were the order and in that I was not lacking. . . ." The Gauleiter drew a different picture of himself from the one many students recalled—the scared Nazi hiding behind the balustrade and obviously imagining himself to be the target at which each blast was aimed. But the Gauleiter saw himself otherwise, and explained that, as bomb after bomb burst with a deafening crash, it was his presence of mind and commanding strength alone that rescued the Reich from an unspeakable catastrophe. "We have the guilty ones in our hands," he shouted, pointing dramatically across the court to the accused. "Their heads will roll. If there are others, we shall pry them out of their hiding-places. A nation built on courage and strong arms has nothing to fear from paltry intellectuals."

There was no cross-examination. When the Gauleiter had finished, the State Prosecutor and then the Chief Judge thanked him, and the Prosecutor humbly requested his permission to ask a single question. Giesler nodded and the Prosecutor asked, "Will the Herr Gauleiter look at the accused and state whether he recalls having seen any of them in the University on the morning of the explosions?"

Giesler left the witness-box and walked with measured tread, obviously copied from Hitler, to the railing which enclosed the prisoners. He gazed earnestly into the face of each, his small blue eyes stopping and focusing in a manner similar to that of a checker in a piecework factory. He passed down the length of the box, then returned, examining the faces in the second row. He turned on his heel, stepped again into the witness-box, faced the Prosecutor and barked: "Unfortunately, no. But that would scarcely be possible under the circumstances."

The Prosecutor hastened to agree, and, amidst another burst of profuse thanks, the Gauleiter left the witness-box, received his cap and gloves from an orderly standing at stiff attention, and left the courtroom. The testimony of the Gauleiter had proved exactly nothing, but it would help to "dress" the show for the newspapers and radio. The Prosecutor next read a signed statement from Schmidt, the University porter, stating that each of the accused in the box had, with his knowledge, entered the

University on the evening before the incident. Apologizing to the court for reading the statement instead of producing Schmidt as a witness, the Prosecutor explained: "The witness Schmidt unfortunately succumbed to a heart attack. Due to his advanced age, he was unable to withstand the shock of the cowardly attack in the University, where he had served faithfully as janitor and porter for thirty-six years. In a sense, he may be regarded as a victim of the criminals before this court." The three judges nodded sympathetically. They had undoubtedly listened to many similar recitals before, and the Prosecutor's success in obtaining the long and detailed statement from the allegedly fatally shocked porter did not excite curiosity anywhere in the courtroom.

As the court scene unfolded, it became increasingly clear that the Gestapo had failed utterly to break the case, and was intent on creating its own case in the same manner that it had created the Reichstag fire case and many others. The anguished, incredulous expressions on the faces of most of the accused were adequate proof of their innocence. Adrian decided that, if given any kind of opportunity, he would confess to having participated in the affair and attempt to exonerate the unfortunates who were to be sacrificed to Nazi justice merely because a whim of destiny had taken them to the University on the fatal evening.

The only real evidence was packing material from the cases delivered to Professor Jahncke's laboratory. Perhaps Schmidt had told, or it could have been that the Gestapo had succeeded in tracing the packages to the laboratory. One of the printed leaflets was produced in court, but was not read aloud. The Prosecutor handed it to the Chief Judge, who read it silently, and handed it back to the Prosecutor without showing it even to his two colleagues. The Prosecutor then publicly burned it, lighting it with a match and holding it as it curled into a wisp of ash. In this way Germans were given notice to do likewise with any leaflets that might have come into their hands.

"And this Jahncke, where is he?" the Chief Judge asked when the State Prosecutor had presented his evidence linking the laboratory with the attempt.

The Prosecutor had anticipated the question. "Jahncke," he said, "was one of the treacherous swine the Gauleiter referred to. Fortunately, he was found out in time. Unfortunately, however, for the cause of justice and a thorough airing of this case, Jahncke is no longer among the living. A thoroughgoing rogue, he attempted both violence and escape during his interrogation and was shot in self-defence by his guards." The Chief Judge nodded. This story, too, he had heard many times.

Adrian was surprised to discover that his only reaction to the news of Professor Jahncke's death was one of relief. It was easy to piece together mentally the interrogation of the old professor—his detached, dreamy expression, his noncommittal answers driving his interrogators into a frenzy. Against the spiritual shell in which he seemed perpetually to incase himself the torture of the Gestapo became futile, and in their ignorance of the frailty of the organism in their hands, his torturers finally dealt the blow that snapped the thread of life. How fortunate it was that the sensitive old scientist had been spared the garish spectacle of the trial.

The Chief Judge and State Prosecutor both watched the clock as the hour hand passed eleven and started towards twelve. When S.S. witnesses who had interrogated the accused showed an inclination to grow verbose, the Judge snapped, "The facts; only the facts," often shattering the speech through which an S.S. expert trained in Himmler's Institute for the Detection of Common and Political Crime hoped to gain newspaper prominence. It was obvious that the stage-managers of the spectacle were convinced that the purpose of publicity and intimidation had been served, and they wanted to wind up the trial in time for lunch. The clock had not indicated 11.30 when the State Prosecutor announced that the Reich's case against the accused was closed. The evidence had been meagre indeed, and in any court of justice would have been largely thrown out altogether.

As no Defence Attorney was provided, the Chief Judge turned directly to the accused. "You will now each have an opportunity to confess your guilt," he said, "or make any statement within the rulings prescribed by this court."

The court clerk called out, "Anton Benziger." A pale, fragile-looking young man stood up, but began to sway and would have fallen had not his two guards grasped his arms and held him firmly upright. No further instructions came from the court, and after several seconds of silence Benziger began to speak in a hoarse, unnatural voice. "I'm not guilty of anything," he gasped. "I know nothing about those explosions. I was working in the history seminar. . . ."

He was interrupted by the Chief Judge. "The guilt of the accused has been proved," he said. "The court rules out declarations of innocence. This will be strictly adhered to in all further statements." Benziger swallowed hard, tried to speak again, but was apparently unable to bring forth words. His head dropped and he appeared to have fainted. At a sign from the State Prosecutor, the guards let him sink back into his seat. Benziger, whose only crime was over-conscientiousness, was as good as dead.

The clerk continued to call out names alphabetically. One of the accused refused to speak at all. Others attempted to disobey the court and protest their innocence, but were silenced immediately their intention became clear. The court was determined that nothing prejudicial to its own case should be uttered.

Adrian heard his own name called out and stood up. "I participated in the incident at the University," he said in as steady a voice as he could command, "but no one else who has spoken in this court was in any way involved."

There was an immediate hubbub of excitement throughout the room. The State Prosecutor was on his feet in an instant and the three Judges seemed to be jerked forward in their chairs. The State Prosecutor was about to speak when the Chief Judge found his voice. "The accused may not comment on the guilt of any of the other prisoners," he said. Then, realizing the total exclusiveness of his statement, he modified it. "That is," he said, "unless the accused desires to assist the State with evidence." He waited for Adrian to answer, but Adrian remained silent. "You have confessed to the most dastardly of all crimes," the Chief Judge continued. "As a soldier, you have disgraced your uniform. You have lent yourself to a vile Communist plot."

"I am no Communist," Adrian replied. "I am a German, and the German soldiers will understand and approve what I have done."

"The accused may not insult the Army," the Chief Judge barked. "You are about to die for treason," he continued, pointing a finger at Adrian as though it were a Lueger pistol. "Have you no remorse?"

"I am not afraid to die," Adrian answered. "The crimes committed in the name of Germany must be atoned for. It is well to die for a cause that is decent and understood by decent men all over the world."

Adrian's voice had risen and he felt a flaming desire to talk on, to say all the things he had so often thought. "I haven't committed treason," he said, speaking directly at Freisler, the Chief Judge. "You who for ten years have defiled our country and betrayed its people are the traitors."

A commotion had arisen in the court; angry shouts of "Silence!" came from the auditorium. Both the Chief Judge and State Prosecutor were shouting. But Adrian did not hear their voices; nor did he feel the tugs on his arms as his two guards tried to haul him back into his seat. "Germans will redeem themselves," he shouted. "One day they will march with men all over the world who hold freedom and decency valuable enough to

fight and die for. What if some of us do fail? There are others left. They will carry on until the last Nazi is gone and Germans can face the world with honour and self-respect. . . ."

Adrian was hauled forcibly into his seat and the guard's heavy hand on his mouth prevented him from continuing. The court was in an uproar. Attendants were looking to the Judges and State Prosecutor for instructions, both the Chief Judge and State Prosecutor were loudly demanding order, and throughout the room groups had broken into excited talk. Only the prisoners remained unperturbed, their senses too dulled for response to any kind of oratory. Gradually order was restored, and the State Prosecutor went before the bench to apologize. "This unfortunate outbreak will naturally remain within these walls," he said.

The Chief Judge looked at the journalists sitting opposite the prisoners. "Exactly," he said. The press understood.

Hans, Maria and a student named Weinbauer still remained to be called. As Hans' name was called and he stood up his two guards moved closer to his side and watched his face with an alert kind of intensity. They were determined not to be caught unprepared, as Adrian's guards obviously had been.

"I was directly involved in the University incident with Sergeant Probst," he said, "but I can assure this court that no one else here accused was involved." The Judge interrupted to repeat his warning about not commenting on the guilt of the other prisoners and the S.S. guards laid hands on his shoulders to drag him back into his seat. "Very well," Hans said, and the guards relaxed their hold.

"Have you anything else to say?" the Chief Judge asked. Hans nodded.

"History," he said, "is made up of the deeds of men who wanted to know they could change their minds if they wanted to, and could read books and meet their friends without fear or secrecy, and could watch their children grow up in a happy, peaceful country, and could enjoy the privilege of knowing they were free men." A look of puzzlement had come into the State Prosecutor's face. The Chief Judge sat inscrutable. He nodded for Hans to proceed. "For these privileges men have died by millions. I would rather join them than be guilty of perpetuating the worst tyranny a people has ever had to endure. . . ." The final words came in a rush, because Hans wanted to finish before he could be dragged back on to the bench by the stolid S.S. guards. He sat down willingly as he felt their hands on his shoulders.

There was a kind of Teutonic heaviness and lack of imagination

about the whole proceedings. Twice within five minutes the court had risen to words unexpectedly spoken by prisoners. Twice the confusion mingled with surprise; twice the irate shouts from the audience and agitated fluttering of the Judges and court officials. The red-faced State Prosecutor marched up to the Judges' bench to make his second apology. The members of the press had shown no eagerness to jot down the only news-worthy statements made during the trial, and when the State Prosecutor assured the Chief Judge that the unfortunate remarks the prisoner had allowed himself to utter would not be circulated beyond the walls of the courtroom, there were no written notes to cross out in any journalist's notebook.

It seemed incredible that, following two "accidents," the court would call for further statements by the accused, but the form of court justice was preserved, and the name of Maria Scholl was called. Adrian felt a searing pain drive through his brain as her voice came to him. The thought of her dying had not troubled him. In fact, there was a kind of consoling comfort in the realization that they would cross the horizon together. And he knew that the thought of Maria remaining behind in the hands of the Gestapo would have caused him real anguish; whereas the thought of her dying left him numbly relieved. Death had been so near so often at the front and again in its worst form during the past days that it held no fear. Rather, he looked on it as a welcome release. But Maria's voice was real and jerked his tortured mind back to things that had already become vague and unreal—like the images in a dream when recalled in the morning.

In his instructions to Maria, the Chief Judge was more explicit than he had hitherto been. She would be allowed to confess her guilt, but nothing more. Her voice, when she began to speak, was clear and steady. "My brother," she said, "has told you that, of those here in court, only he and Sergeant Probst were connected with the incident. That is true. I was not allowed to participate actively, but I wanted to with all my heart, and I hope that my name will be forever associated with the first attempt of German students to liberate themselves."

She sat down abruptly, before the usual interruptions began. There was a still silence as though her simple words had created a vacuum; then the court clerk, rushing in to fill it, quickly called the name of the final student, Augustus Weinbauer.

Weinbauer had been quartered with Adrian and Hans in the Tuerkenstrasse Barracks, after being invalidated out of an Alpine regiment because of serious shrapnel wounds. He was stocky and dark, with an open, friendly face—a typical Alpine type. It was

easy to imagine how his life had been spent—ski-ing in the winter, mountain-climbing and paddle-boating on the Isar or Inn in the summer, evenings in a *Wirtshaus* or mountain *Alm* with dark beer and an accordion, and as little time as possible devoted to the prosaic necessity of preparing for the future. Thousands of Gustl Weinbauers inhabit the picturesque valleys and steep slopes of the Bavarian and Tyrolean highlands. They are the sturdy, fundamental peasant stock from which great nations grow. The path to a higher education that had led him to the University had probably been the one of least resistance arranged by someone else. When Gustl Weinbauer spoke, Freisler, a North German, had to lean forward in his chair to follow him because he used the soft, careless dialect of the mountains. "The Herr Judge," he said, "has forbidden me to say I am innocent. *Schon gut*. The Herr Judge has allowed me to confess my guilt. I have none to confess. Or would the Herr Judge have me lie?" As he spoke, a slight smile creased his cheeks. "Why I am here, I don't know. What happens to me, I don't care. In the Hitler Youth they said, 'You were born to die for Adolf Hitler.' They didn't say how or when or where. An oversight, no doubt, which the Herr Judge proposes to put right. *Schon gut*. It really makes no difference at all. *Es ist mir alles Wurscht*." With a shrug, Gustl Weinbauer sat down.

The same cheerful stoicism was present in Austrian and Bavarian soldiers at the front. They suffered hardship and pain, and walked unconcernedly to death with a shrug, a smile and their perpetual comment, "*Es ist mir alles Wurscht*." This very fatalistic indifference of such a large proportion of Germans had made it possible for the Nazi disease to grow from the frustration of one man to a plague that was sweeping the world.

The unconscious humour, the shrewd irony, the forthrightness, and all-pervading fatalism of Weinbauer's words were utterly lost on the court. Even before he had finished, the three Judges had drawn together and were conversing in low tones. They quickly agreed. The Chief Judge adjusted his spectacles and read the names from the paper handed him by the State Prosecutor: "Anton Benziger, Bonifazius Laubenthal, Karl-Heinz Neuner, Adrian Probst, Hans Scholl, Maria Scholl, Augustus Weinbauer." Adrian felt himself lifted to his feet by his two guards. His mind had been wandering and he had not noticed that all the others were on their feet. The Chief Judge removed his spectacles and turned to the press, because his summing up was for the press alone. It was the copy the press had patiently waited for. It was an act he had performed many times before. He spoke of the benefits Hitler had brought to Germany, of conditions before and after Hitler. It was

easy copy and any member of the press could have written it without being present in the courtroom. The Chief Judge extolled the martial strength of the Reich and the certainty of victory that loyal Germans had achieved through work and faith. If into this firm comradeship of workers and fighters certain criminal elements attempted to sow discord, the wrath of the people knew no bounds. It demanded their utter extermination. The function of the People's Court was to pronounce the judgment of the people. For the first time during his summing up, the Chief Judge turned to the accused, seven forlorn figures looking oddly out of place between the strapping pillars of Nazi order that flanked each of them. "The People's Court of the Third Reich," he said, "finds each of you guilty of conspiracy against the State and attempted assault on a dignitary of the State. The penalty in each case is death. You will hang by the neck until dead. The privilege of appeal does not exist."

As he finished speaking, the Chief Judge looked up at the clock, then hurriedly began to brush his papers together preparatory to leaving the courtroom. It was 12.10, ten minutes past lunch-time.

KARL'S STORY

KARL GLUCK IS NOT MY NAME. It is the name of some German whom I have never met. He was killed and mutilated beyond recognition in an air raid. His identification papers and labour book were removed from his body by the rescue worker who found him and handed to an agent of the anti-Nazi underground movement. Karl Gluck's remains were disposed of in some nameless mass grave and I received his papers and became Karl Gluck. It is only one of the names I lived under in Germany, but I have retained it because *Gluck* means "luck," and I know my luck has been very exceptional.

At the time of the Stalingrad disaster I was a student at Munich University. I had been rejected for military duty because of curvature of the spine and had been directed by the Reich Labour Office to study industrial chemistry at the University. Because of my disability, I had not been obliged to participate in the Hitler Youth or any other Nazi organization, and consequently was able to view these activities objectively. They were repugnant to me from the day I was old enough to understand that the whole Nazi doctrine is based on discrimination and oppression.

Alexander Hohmeyer was a close friend of mine, and we enjoyed complete unity of views. I knew that he had spent some time in Dachau Concentration Camp, although he never talked about his experience there. Early in 1941 he introduced me to certain other Germans who were working in different cities to bring about the downfall of the Hitler régime. They were all good Germans with no thought of betraying Germany to her external enemies. But they reasoned that Hitler and the Nazis had caused the war. Therefore they had to go before there could be any talk of peace. Once they were gone, every effort would be devoted to dissuading men from the different countries from killing one another. For only after the violence had ceased could peace be arranged. They believed that, if nothing better were possible, a quick defeat of Germany was preferable to a protracted war. After talking with these men and comprehending the sincerity of their intentions, I agreed to work with them. I had no desire to become a traitor to my country, but I realized that quick surrender and then an equitable peace was better, even for Germans, than a Nazi victory, which would only extend the Hitler tyranny throughout Europe. We carried out various actions which I naturally cannot reveal without providing the Gestapo with clues. All were aimed at breaking down the Nazi control in different sections of the country without bringing the lives of too many people into danger.

One evening, in a small wine restaurant on Barerstrasse in Munich, Hohmeyer introduced me to two Army sergeants, Adrian Probst and Hans Scholl, and to Maria Scholl, Hans' sister. Adrian and Hans had recently returned from the Russian front on invalid leave. Talking with them, it became apparent to me that both were extremely embittered by their experiences in Russia. Adrian, I recall, said that there was not a soldier on the Stalingrad front, from the general down to the newest replacement, whose heart was in the war, and that the principal topic of discussion in all groups was whether it was better to desert or surrender. That was my first knowledge that the men at the front were also becoming aware of the catastrophe into which Hitler had led them.

In time I was accepted by the Scholls and Adrian Probst as one of their circle, and our meetings became fairly frequent. They were occasions to which I looked forward when I returned to Munich from my frequent trips. At that time Adrian, Maria and Hans were completely absorbed in a leaflet campaign they were conducting, and Maria kept a score sheet of the number of people they were winning to their cause. She assumed—perhaps naïvely

—that for every five leaflets given out, one convert was made. I like to recall her as she entered the Green Ship with her brother and Adrian. In her fur cap and black coat, she was neat and pretty, and her smile was the happiest thing I remember from those dark days. She was our optimist, the only one of us who had real faith in the future. In the course of an evening she would usually have to pull one or the other of us out of a spell of black hopelessness. Her brother Hans was of a similar temperament, except that his experience at Stalingrad left him in a bitter, fighting mood that often made us afraid for his safety. One weekend I accompanied Hans and Maria to Ulm to visit their parents, and spent two memorable days in the kind of old-fashioned family atmosphere that is practically extinct to-day in Germany. It was there that I realized the full extent of the destruction the Nazis have caused.

Of the three, however, I knew Adrian Probst most intimately. He possessed an open, friendly disposition and a sincerity of nature that automatically inspired confidence. He had a real capacity for leadership which in normal times would have carried him to prominence in any one of several fields. Often he would drag his crippled feet to my room in Gabelsbergerstrasse and we would spend an afternoon or evening drinking schnapps to keep warm while we talked about the wrecked hopes and plans of our early youth or projected vast schemes for the readjustment of the world. The schemes, I must confess, were limited in their scope only by the quantity of spirits we could obtain or afford. Adrian possessed to a greater degree than anyone I knew the self-analytic, introspective nature of the South German, and he spent hours working out things and situations with himself. He constantly sought the answer to his own existence and the reason for his impulses and attitudes. I am quite sure he analysed his life right through to the end.

Towards the end of 1942 Hohmeyer told me that a large-scale action was being planned to coincide with the public announcement of the Stalingrad defeat. Most intelligent Germans had known for weeks that the situation there was hopeless, and there was growing resentment over the hypocrisy of the High Command communiqués and press reports. Part of the plan was to disrupt communications and transport through strikes and sabotage, and I was asked to contact different groups in South Germany and Austria in order to ascertain whether they would collaborate. I travelled extensively during those weeks, and found most of the workers' leaders eager to collaborate. Of the demonstration planned at the University I knew nothing. We had found

through long experience that in our work it was best for everyone to attend strictly to his own business and not to know too much of other people's activities. What a man did not know could not be extracted from him through torture if he fell into the Gestapo's hands.

The delay in announcing the Stalingrad defeat was longer than anyone anticipated. Sabotage crews stood by and cell leaders had their instructions, but the communiqués and radio reports continued to praise the heroic resistance of the German forces. Of course, the strategic error was made when it was decided to make our action dependent on a move by the Nazis. Apparently no one foresaw the possibility that they might not announce Stalingrad at all, or that they might announce it piecemeal in order to reduce the shock. It would have been wiser had we set a definite time for the action and launched it then. But who can say? In any case, we all underestimated Nazi cleverness. We should have foreseen that they would not administer a shock to the nation without preparing for whatever reaction might occur. And they didn't. Before Christmas it became known, though not officially, that Heinrich Himmler had taken over the Ministry of the Interior from Dr. Frick and had imposed permanent martial law, to be administered by the Gestapo and S.S. In some towns the local police were completely disarmed and assigned to welfare duties while the S.S. took over the police work. This was true particularly in the Ruhr and in the Mannheim district. Strong detachments of S.S. troops were sent to the different cities, and in one case fresh Army recruits were turned out of their training barracks to make way for the S.S. Tasks formerly performed by the Army or civilian guards were assigned to the S.S. The civilian doorkeepers and porters at the Munich telephone exchange, for example, were replaced by S.S. guards, and the S.S. also took over from the Army the guarding of the Munich radio installations. Railway linemen were removed from their jobs, and Gestapo men were assigned to all traffic-control stations.

One particular afternoon stands out in my memory. I was on the train travelling from Nuremberg to Munich when we were shunted off to a siding and left waiting for over an hour. Then I saw a long train pass through on the main line in two sections. It was bound for Munich and every car was packed with armed S.S. troops. I could see their rifles and steel helmets stacked in the luggage racks. When I arrived at the Munich main station several hours later, Alexander Hohmeyer was waiting for me. The first thing he said was, "To-morrow's the day." I told him about the trainload of S.S. troops. He looked disturbed for a

time, then said, "It has been settled. We can't change our plans now. We'll go ahead." He then asked me to carry a message to Stuttgart, and I caught the evening train, which was just about to leave the station. Consequently, I was not in Munich the next morning.

Two days later I received a message from Hohmeyer and met him outside Munich. I already knew by then that the plot had failed. We sat up all night talking, or, rather, Hohmeyer talked and I listened. He told me the entire story of the demonstration at the University and of the part played by Adrian Probst and Maria and Hans Scholl. He was anxious that I should know even the minutest details. "You will either escape or survive," he said repeatedly. "I know you will, and when you can, you must tell the story of these three students. Write it down so that the German students of to-morrow can read it, and the outside world can know that honour and ideals were not entirely dead in the German race." He was so intense in his insistence that I could only promise to do my best.

The next morning Hohmeyer left. He was fairly certain that the Gestapo would succeed eventually in connecting him with the incident, and had decided to go underground. Until I left Germany I heard nothing more of him, but I know that somewhere, under some name, he is working as hard inside Germany to smash the Nazi citadel as are the Allied armies battering at its walls on practically every frontier. When his own story can be told and his true name revealed, he too will stand as an example to tomorrow's German youth of the courage and character that a few Germans possessed when their country's disgrace seemed bottomless.

I returned to Munich because I thought it safer, since I was registered with the police there and knew that any extended absence would rouse suspicion. Furthermore, I had not participated in the actual incident at the University and could scarcely be associated with it. For the first two days I was not molested and was able to observe at first hand the results of the incident and preparations for the trial. The results were more widespread than the first evidence indicated, and it is quite possible that, but for the inopportune action of Himmler in reinforcing the S.S. and guarding all vital points, the torch of revolt ignited in Munich might have swept Germany. The Munich telephone exchange was put out of action for three days and the Munich radio station did not broadcast for seven. Nineteen cases of serious sabotage occurred on railway lines leading into Munich, and numerous other incidents tied up traffic at other points in

the Reich. In Vienna and Mannheim, transport workers went on strike, and, despite rigid suppression of news, there were reports of extensive sabotage in factories, particularly in Stuttgart, Frankfurt, and throughout the Ruhr. The number of casualties resulting from S.S. action against strikers and saboteurs will probably never be known, but one report reaching Munich indicated that at least forty workers from the Daimler Benz factories near Stuttgart were executed after the main storage warehouse was destroyed by fire.

In Munich itself a state of extreme emergency was declared and all civic government and law were suspended. The streets were patrolled day and night by S.S. troops operating in pairs and sometimes in fours, patrols were out every night and thousands were picked up in public places and in their homes for questioning. On the third day following my return I was stopped in Leopoldstrasse by an armed S.S. man and forced to climb into a lorry which was already packed with about thirty terrified civilians of both sexes. We were taken to the S.S. barracks at Oberwiesenfeld and herded into the large barrack square which already contained several thousand people. There we were confined in the open all night, although the temperature was very low. S.S. guards with bayoneted rifles drove us round and round, apparently for fear we might otherwise stop moving and freeze to death. When elderly people fainted from exhaustion, others were forced to carry them. Throughout the night lorries kept arriving, and the people that soon packed the square were so terrified that one could almost feel it. The next morning we were marched off in groups of ten to be interrogated. The interrogation itself was routine. Our papers were examined by young S.S. troopers sitting at tables, and questions were asked regarding our movements on the day of the explosions. If there was any doubt or if, in his nervousness, a person failed to give a good account of his actions on the critical day, he was sent into another room to await further investigation. Fortunately they found nothing wrong with the story I told them and I was allowed to return to the city. Terror covered Munich during those days. The restaurants and beer-halls were practically empty because people were afraid to leave their homes, and stories circulated constantly of atrocities committed by the Gestapo and of threats to shoot hostages in retaliation for S.S. guards said to have been killed in outlying districts of the city. I was never able to confirm any of these reports. The University remained closed, and many of the students attempted to slip out of town on foot or went into hiding because they were afraid of being investigated. I am certain that

many innocent students aroused suspicion and caused themselves great suffering merely by such actions.

Several days after the incident I learned that the trial of those accused of implication would be held the following day. I debated with myself whether to attempt to be present. There was the risk of drawing suspicion upon myself. But if I were to tell the story, as Hohmeyer had urged, it was necessary that I should follow it to the end, regardless of how distressing it might be. It was the feeling that I must carry out Hohmeyer's wish that finally prevailed, and I went to the old Bavarian Ministry of Justice building on the morning of the trial. No one was about except two guards, and they said nothing as I passed them and walked into the building. A few journalists, some of whom I knew, were standing around in the main corridor. I joined a group and asked casually when the trial was scheduled to begin. A reporter shrugged and said, "When the Gaulciter arrives. It depends on his breakfast." The time, I noticed, was already 9.30. Other people entered, most of them in uniforms of one kind or another. They formed groups in the corridor or climbed the marble steps leading up to the main court chamber. The journalists I had joined represented the Munich papers, except one, a small middle-aged man who spoke with a North German accent and was from the *Deutsches Nachrichtenbuero* in Berlin. The newspaper men talked little and their remarks were mostly in the nature of complaints over the delay in the beginning of the trial. Finally, the Berlin correspondent left the group, and immediately the Munich journalists became less casual. "Who have they collared for this one?" a reporter asked. No one knew and I did not assist with information. All of the men were quite openly cynical about the trial, as though they simply accepted the fact that it would be a travesty. "Will they have a case this time, do you think?" a tall, gaunt correspondent from the *Muenchner Neuste Nachrichten* asked in a kind of dry voice.

"Stop being a benighted diehard, Fritz," one of his colleagues answered. "We've dropped all that unnecessary tinsel. We catch 'em, sentence 'em and kill 'em, and no questions asked. We live so fast to-day that we haven't time for all that old manure we used to toss around."

"It puzzles me," the tall journalist continued, "why they don't just shoot them and then let us try them at the copy desk."

"A brilliant idea, Fritz," his colleague answered, "and undoubtedly one that has been considered. But we can't shoot all of them. Some we have to hang and behead. It is easy to shoot a man while he is resisting arrest or attempting to escape, but you

can't remove his head or hang him. How would it sound if you were to write, 'Johannes Schmidt was hanged by the neck until dead Tuesday while resisting the police,' or 'Sepp Fuschl had his head chopped off this morning while attempting to escape'? No, you see, Fritz, we must have trials."

Listening to this conversation gave me a greater feeling of hope than I had experienced since the failure of the plot. Perhaps the people were, after all, behind us. Perhaps the next attempt would succeed in breaking through the crust of Nazi control and liberating the forces of rebellion beneath the surface.

At ten minutes before ten the Gauleiter arrived. Two S.S. guards entered the building and strode forward through the corridor as though breaking a path through an invisible multitude. They were followed by Giesler in a brown cap, long brown overcoat and highly polished brown boots. The journalists stiffened and thrust their right arms forward in salute. I also saluted; it would have been unwise not to. We followed the Gauleiter up the stairs, I tagging on to the newspaper men, as I thought this would make me least conspicuous. Once inside the large white-walled room, I separated from them and slipped into a seat. Immediately the Gauleiter had removed his overcoat and sat down, the Judges entered, led by Freisler, Hitler's favourite Judge. It is said he is topped only by Himmler and the Allied armies in reducing the German population.

He had features that looked as though they were cast in grey steel. Everything about him was hard, and when he snapped his spectacles on and off his nose, one half expected to hear a metallic click. Seeing him for the first time, I could well understand how he could have sentenced so many hundreds of Germans to death. Certainly it is true that in its era of decline a nation always forges the weapons of its own destruction; and in Freisler the Judge and Himmler the Executioner Germany has produced efficient instruments of self-extermination. He took no notice of his two judicial colleagues, who really were only part of the stage setting and could have been dispensed with entirely. But for the form of justice three Judges were necessary. The two colleagues were miserable men who earned their daily bread in this contemptible manner and as they sat on either side of the Chief Judge, they somehow gave the impression that they were trying to hide in their black robes. Freisler took no notice of them except occasionally to hand them a piece of unimportant evidence.

The Munich journalist was right. They had dropped all the "unnecessary tinsel" of justice. No defence was allowed. The seven prisoners were paraded, denounced and sentenced. Four at

least of them were innocent, obviously innocent as anyone in the courtroom could see and sense. But three would have been an insignificant number to convict for a full-scale riot. So there were seven—Maria, Adrian and Hans, and four students who had the bad luck to be caught and no influence to get themselves freed. It was said that a considerable number of students were arrested after their names had been obtained from Schmidt, the University porter, but letters, relatives and acquaintances of influence arrived in Munich in great numbers, and gradually all were released except the seven in the dock. It is unfortunate for Germans not to have an important uncle.

The court proceedings have already been covered, and I shall not touch upon them again except to record that when Maria rose to testify there was such a silence as at Mass when the Host is elevated. I think that even the S.S. troops who practically filled the courtroom were affected. It would be quite impossible to describe how one feels on hearing three friends sentenced to be hanged. I think my main feeling was one of relief that at least the Gestapo was finished with them and they would obtain release. It is hard to sleep when you know a friend may be suffering torture, but to know a friend is dead brings tranquillity. Often I have coveted death both for others and for myself. In fact, throughout South Germany people were saying when someone they knew or loved was killed at the front or in an air raid: "For him it's all over. How lucky he is." Immediately sentence was pronounced, I slipped out of the main door and was the first person to descend the stairs. The rest of the day I spent walking through the streets of Schwabing, and it was not until dusk at five o'clock that I remembered that I had had nothing to eat.

The seven students were hanged the next morning at the Oberwiesenfeld S.S. barracks. I learned later that there are three gallows at the barracks, and, as they are merely strangulation gallows, considerable time was required for the executions. First came Benziger, Laubenthal and Neuner. They were made to stand side by side on a plank supported by two wooden trestles, and after the ropes had been adjusted, the trestles were knocked from under the plank and they were left dangling a foot off the ground for thirty minutes. Maria, Adrian and Hans were executed together, which is how they would have wished it, as they had spent so much of their lives together. Weinbauer, the mountain boy who wandered by mistake into the situation, was executed alone, and undoubtedly died with his characteristic shrug of puzzled acceptance.

The people in Munich knew when the executions would take

place, because they were all aware that persons sentenced by the People's Court are executed the next morning. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I thought there was a singular atmosphere as I walked along Ludwigstrasse that morning towards the centre of the city. People gave the impression that more weight had been added to the burden they carried. I went into Theatinerkirche, the overladen baroque church just opposite the narrow alley in which Maria, Adrian and Hans had passed out their leaflets. The church was filled with people who were devoutly following the Low Mass being celebrated at the main altar. Most of the congregation were women, and I knew that, in addition to praying for their own sons and husbands, most of them were also remembering seven young Munich students who had just died. I have never been a churchgoer and have been inclined to look down on people who spend too much of their life on their knees, but I remained throughout the Mass.

During the following days an acquaintance from Ulm arrived in Munich and told me of the visit of the S.S. to the Scholl home. Then came the shattering news that Professor Huber had been arrested. In announcing his arrest to the press, the Gauleiter said, "The attention of the authorities was drawn to the University by a demonstration held during the week of mourning. The guilty people were promptly eradicated. But it became clear that they were inspired by an intellectual leader. This leader is Professor Huber, whose head will fall. We have arrested him, but we know there are ten or twenty more like him hiding in the University."

I heard from Munich journalists that there was a stormy scene when Professor Huber was brought before the Gauleiter. Giesler attempted to intimidate him with threats against his family, but Professor Huber told him that the youth of the country and soul of the people were being corrupted, and under prevailing conditions the only way a German could retain his self-respect was by doing his utmost to overthrow the Nazis and procure peace for Europe. The students who led and participated in the revolt, he said, were neither defeatists nor traitors, but patriots.

Until my departure from Germany nothing further appeared in the German press about Professor Huber and I was unable to find out whether he had been executed or was still in the hands of the Gestapo. I hope he did not live long. But evidence that the Gestapo was by no means idle continued to appear from time to time. One morning every Munich paper carried a photograph of Alexander Hohmeyer with the statement that he was wanted by the police and a reward of 1,000 marks would be paid for information leading to his arrest. I had no fear that Hohmeyer

would be caught, but became increasingly anxious about my own safety. On April 21 the *Voelkscher Beobachter* announced that eighteen persons had been sentenced to death or imprisonment for participation in the revolt. The names of those sentenced to death were not revealed, but a list of persons given prison sentences was issued for publication. These included Eugen Grimminger of Stuttgart, sentenced to ten years of hard labour because he "subsidized the undertaking, although he did not know its full implications." Heinrich Bollinger and Helmut Bauer of Freiburg were given seven years because "they knew of the treasonable activities of the accused, but evaded their duty of reporting them. Besides, they listened to foreign broadcasts." Hans Hirzel and Franz Mueller of Ulm, both juveniles, received five years for distributing leaflets. Heinrich Guter, a juvenile, was given eighteen months because he knew, but failed to report the leaflet distributing activities. Three young girls, guilty of the same offence, were sent to prison for one year.

Towards the end of April the University opened again. On the first day each of us was required to fill in a questionnaire dealing with our background and political activities. The important question was, "Do you think this war is necessary?" We were told to answer it in not less than 500 words. The purpose of the questionnaire was perfectly obvious. Anyone indicating scepticism, defiance or independent thinking would not be allowed to continue at the University. The same questionnaire, I learned, was circulated in every German university and in each of the occupied countries. What I wrote in my questionnaire is not important, because the leaders of the underground movement had already decided that I should change my identity and mode of living. From observation and the application of the law of averages, they knew just how long a worker for the opposition could expect to pursue a particular line of work in a particular place without the risk becoming too great. I had already exceeded the limit by several months and each day that I remained at the University whittled down my luck. So one day I disappeared as a University student and took up a new identity.

To disappear in 1943 was a comparatively easy thing. Thousands were being buried or mutilated beyond recognition each week in the air raids, and, more important, records were being constantly destroyed in town halls and local police stations. It was therefore assumed that anyone whose continued absence from his dwelling was reported to the police had been caught by a bomb. Likewise, only slight risk attended the switching of identities. The name and credentials of a person who the

underground leaders knew had been killed and mutilated beyond recognition in a raid were given to another person. With his false name and papers, he then registered with the police in another city. In due course the dossier of the dead man was applied for and forwarded to the new police precinct, and an underground worker continued his work with a different identity. In this way I changed my name, address and profession, and spent the following months in another German town working as a checker in a war factory. There was very little chance that I would be detected, because hundreds of thousands of Germans were at large with no identification papers whatever. They had been bombed out of their homes and the factories in which they were employed had been destroyed; so they took up a vagabond existence, living in whatever shelter they could find, and waited for the police to find them rather than reporting to a labour exchange. In their frequent round-ups, the police and Gestapo endeavoured merely to hunt out these people and put them to work without bothering to investigate them. Consequently, a person like myself with valid credentials, a job and an up-to-date police dossier ran practically no risk. I was unmolested in my work and also in my underground activities, which were now of an executive nature, since my daily employment made it impossible for me to travel. My Munich friends were constantly in my thoughts and the desire to tell the world of their sacrifice became an obsession. I wrote down details of all kinds, including conversations and the testimony at the trial, then memorized my notes before destroying them. Meanwhile the war entered a new phase. The German armies were swept out of North Africa and the invasion of Italy began. To many Germans at home this heralded the beginning of the end. The thought that the Western enemy was on the European mainland and closing in on the Reich frontiers remained at the back of everyone's mind. I shared the hopes of those who thought it would soon be over.

Then I was asked to undertake an unusual mission—to carry a message, or rather an appeal, to the Allies in Italy. I felt no hesitancy in accepting the risks involved and would have done so in any case, but the knowledge that I would be able to fulfil a personal mission provided an additional incentive, and I gladly agreed. I might say that underground travel in Germany has become a highly specialized field organized to the slightest detail and supervised by experts who have learned through years of experience how to deal with practically every situation that might arise. Arranging an escape over the frontier is the most difficult of all travel-planning, since it requires an escape organi-

zation with a system of communication outside the Reich. At the time of my escape, the difficulties were particularly great, because all the countries surrounding Germany were either occupied, neutral or Allied. One of the principal reasons why I was chosen for the mission was that I spoke English fluently, having spent two years as an exchange student at Bristol University.

One morning I left the town in which I was employed and travelled north. I had no idea where my final destination would be, and the men arranging my escape gave me no information. At a town in Central Germany I visited an address where I was given a new set of identification papers and different clothes. I spent several days undergoing instruction and learning the details of my mission. As I am pledged not to reveal any of the particulars of my escape, I shall merely say that with the help of many friends whom I hope to repay some day in some way I found myself one morning walking along an unused roadway in Italy. I had passed through, or rather around, the German lines during the night, and momentarily expected to reach some Allied advance post. I must have walked several miles and I think it was determination rather than strength that kept me from fainting, for I had eaten nothing since the morning before. But I did not want to faint, so I walked one hundred steps, then rested until I felt strong enough to walk another hundred. The country looked utterly deserted, except for the birds that were beginning to sing as the sun grew hotter. Then I met the Allies.

He was a British soldier sitting behind a stone just above the roadway. I didn't see him until I suddenly heard a voice say in English, "Hey, Cock. Where d'yuh think you're goin'?" He had a short-barrelled automatic rifle resting on his knee and pointing at me.

The only answer I could think of was, "I'm glad to meet you," which must have puzzled him.

"Come up here, Cock," he said and motioned with his head that I should climb up to him.

"Shall I put up my hands?" I asked.

"Okay. Stick 'em up," he said. So I raised my hands and tried to climb up the short slope, fighting all the time to control a dizzy feeling. Then I must have fainted, because the next thing I heard was the English soldier saying, "Here, Cock. Drink some of this," while he held me up and poured water from his canteen down over my chin. The English soldier was big and brawny, with the reddest face I have ever seen.

"I suppose I'm your prisoner," I said.

"That's right, Cock," he said, but I could see that making a capture hadn't impressed him much.

"My name's not Cock," I said.

"That's all right, Cock," he answered. "In this bleedin' Army, we calls everyone Cock except the sercant."

"What do you call him?" I asked.

"Jock," he said.

My capture by the Allies, which I had envisaged in many ways during the previous weeks, was a shattering anticlimax. The British soldier gave me some biscuits and dextrose tablets, and I began to feel much better. My captor seemed only casually interested in where I had come from or how I had got to Italy. He grumbled about the "bleedin' war" and the "bleedin' country" and the "bleedin' command," and when I mentioned the German troops, he said, "poor bleedin' b——s." I learned about most of the complaints of the common soldier on the Allied side but the British soldier learned practically nothing from me that I did not voluntarily tell him, because he showed no curiosity except once to ask as he lit himself a cigarette, "How's old Jerry gettin' along for smokes?" Then before I could answer he added, "Pal of mine says we ought to drop the bleedin' muck they sell us on him. Ruin his bleedin' stommick, it would."

Towards noon a jeep rolled up the road with a driver and a relief sentry. While the sentries talked together, the driver turned the jeep; then the big English soldier helped me into the seat beside the driver and squeezed himself into the rear seat. Thus I rode to captivity and internment, feeling free for the first time in more than ten years.

For about six months I had no opportunity to tell the story of my friends. My days were spent in interrogations and in adjusting myself physically and mentally to a new life. Also I found that a kind of nervous reaction to the strain and anxiety I had undergone made it impossible for me even to think of the past without losing control over my feelings and breaking into fits of trembling and sobbing. My disturbance of mind was increased by the fear that I was going insane and might never be able to complete my mission. Gradually, however, the nightmares ceased to ride through my sleep and I could talk about things in a normal way. Then I was introduced to an American writer who had lived in Munich for several years, attended the University there, and was intimately acquainted with the city and the temperament of its citizens. With his experienced assistance and helpful suggestions, I was able to tell the story of Adrian Probst and Maria and Hans Scholl, who died on the scaffold in Munich for intellectual freedom and human dignity, two fundamental values which English and American students have enjoyed as a matter of course for centuries.

